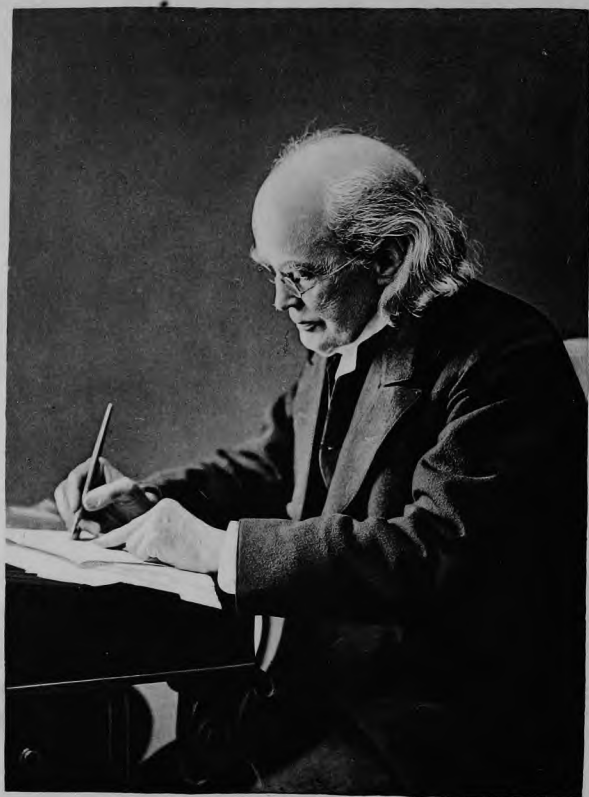




EBENEZER E. JENKINS







*E. J. Genie*





# EBENEZER E. JENKINS

A MEMOIR

BY

J. H. JENKINS, M.A.

London

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## P R E F A C E

VERY few words of mine are necessary to introduce this little book to the Methodist public. I have tried as far as possible to tell the story of my father's life in his own words. Although I believe the chronological order of events to be quite accurate, it has been difficult sometimes to discover the exact date when some of the letters were written. My father had a habit of dating his correspondence by mentioning the day of the week only, and it was not always easy, when the envelope had been lost, to find out the year in which any particular letter was written.

My thanks are chiefly due to the Rev. F. W. Macdonald and Mr. E. E. Kellett, M.A., of The Leys, who both read the book through in manuscript and gave me valuable hints and still more valuable encouragement. To the

many friends who furnished me with information and letters, I take this opportunity of offering my grateful thanks, for without their assistance the book could not have been written. I trust that those who only knew my father in his later years may find in this memoir some record of the patient and quiet toil which made his ministry what it was.

J. H. JENKINS.

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# EBENEZER E. JENKINS

## *A MEMOIR*

### CHAPTER I

#### BOYHOOD AND YOUTH

EBENEZER EVANS JENKINS was born at Exeter on May 10, 1820. He was the second son of John and Mary Jenkins, who were devout Methodists of the strictest type. John Jenkins was a fairly well-to-do cabinet-maker, but not wealthy enough to bring up his children in any luxury, and his puritan spirit made him rule his household with a rod of iron. Mary Jenkins, *née* Evans, was a Welsh woman, beautiful alike in face and character, and worshipped by all her children, who thus repaid her mother's love and devotion. Although according to modern ideas the home training

might seem unnecessarily harsh and narrow, it was thorough, and both parents conscientiously tried to bring their family up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

My father was baptized in the Mint Chapel, and his mother called him Ebenezer, saying, 'Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.' When he was old enough he was sent to the Mount Radford School. Here he was considered dull, and seems to have suffered the usual fate of a slow boy who is mistaken for a lazy one. As he used sometimes to say in later years, 'When I was a boy I was thrashed nearly every day, but it never did me any good.' He seems to have got into trouble at home by going to see people hanged. Public executions were still tolerated in those days, and he and his schoolfellows generally contrived to be present when one occurred on a Saturday afternoon.

At the age of twelve he had an attack of cholera, from which time he always dated the awakening of his mind. Certainly up to that period he was regarded both at home and at school as unusually backward and slow, and his parents looked upon

him as the dunce of the family. Whether the cholera had anything to do with it or not, after he had turned twelve Ebenezer began to work with a will, though he did not develop along the lines his parents would have marked out for him. He got hold of a copy of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, and this gave him his first taste for poetry and literature. He studied with diligence the Spenserian stanza, and as time went on he acquired a very fair mastery of it, writing verses of his own in this metre. Another book which powerfully influenced his mind when a boy was Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. Writing in after years my father says, 'Of this inimitable fiction I was never weary, for its chivalrous character had awakened my imagination, which added other visions to those of the celebrated dreamer, and laid out scenes of exciting and, to me, novel entertainment, the effects of which were important, inasmuch as the mind was moved *by its own will*. But of this there were no manifestations, for I hated society and was dull and awkward in conversation.'

When he was still in his teens the family removed to Torquay. Literature attracted



him more and more, and he read all the books which he could lay his hands on. Many of these had to be enjoyed in secret, as in that strict household works of fiction and plays were forbidden. He also began to write verses more seriously, and had thoughts of being a minor poet. On one red-letter day the local Torquay paper published one of the boy's poems. 'Ah me,' wrote my father, years after, 'it seems but yesterday since its publication sent a thrill of new joy through me. The novel bliss kept me awake half the night. I thought I belonged to the fraternity of poets.' These poetical aspirations, however, were nipped in the bud by an unsympathetic publisher whom young Jenkins consulted with a view to bringing out a small volume; and, in his own words, 'the world lost and could afford to lose—a poet.'

But it was not merely poetry and verse-making which occupied the attention and time of the young student. When he left school at the age of fourteen he assisted his father in the workshop, turning the legs of chairs and tables; but he soon found more

congenial employment as assistant master in a day school started by William Pengelly, the famous geologist. An old pupil writes about this period of my father's life: 'I was quite a small boy when I first knew him. His home in the old town of Torre (now Torquay) was only a stone's throw from our house. When he became assistant master in the school of William Pengelly he had much to do with my scholastic training. He was a member of my father's class, and nearly every week he attended the class-meeting in our parlour. I remember when he first became a local preacher—indeed, this is the time when in memory I most often recall him, for he also accepted the position of class-leader for a class of young men seeking religion. This class, I am glad to say, I was one of the first to join. All the members were one by one truly converted except myself. So patient was he with me that he asked me to meet him every morning before breakfast at his home for a few minutes' prayer. This I did for several weeks, even months, and at last it was with him that I found peace.'

When he began to preach he had a great

ambition to be a master of style. The best prose writers were studied with a minuteness and exactitude almost incredible. Swift, Addison, and Johnson, but especially Addison, were read and imitated with unwearying patience. He would take a subject from one of Addison's essays and write an essay on it himself, and then copy out Addison's composition and place it by the side of his own. In this way he tried to extract the secret of Addison's mastery of the English language. The natural result of all this labour was to make his earlier sermons and sometimes his letters stiff and stilted, and his diction was often quite unsuited to a village audience. Indeed, the idea of a young local preacher attempting to write sermons in the manner of the old masters is apt to provoke a smile, and when the style is further employed in ordinary correspondence the amusement felt is increased. Thus, in writing to a lady, in 1844, he commences—

‘MADAM,

‘When upon intimating a journey through Winchester you were pleased to

express a wish that I should see —, I thought the request conferred upon my desire the importance of an engagement.'

In preaching, this feeling after a classical style led to partial failure at first. The people thought him cold. They wondered wherever he got his words from, and freely remarked that they did not want that sort of thing. Sometimes the young preacher was cheered. On one memorable occasion he heard a lady say as he left the chapel, 'Well! he is intellectual, at any rate.' To say that he was really cold would be untrue. His enthusiasm for Christian work was immense, and no pains were spared to give the people of his very best. He knew for what he was toiling, and slowly and laboriously he acquired a style which made him famous throughout Methodism.

The young preacher had also another difficulty to face. The long extempore prayer necessary in all chapels which do not use the liturgy presented almost insuperable difficulties to him. Indeed, to make it really extempore was impossible at first. He

therefore made great use of Matthew Henry's book on prayer, whole pages of which he committed to memory. A subject was chosen for the long prayer, and all texts relating to this subject and suitable for quotation were learnt by heart. Supplied with this matter the nervous young preacher felt able to cope with the hardest part of the service. Even in later life my father felt the immense responsibility of leading a congregation before the throne of grace, and I have heard him say, 'The long prayer takes more out of me than the sermon.' The question also arose as to how his sermons were to be delivered. Naturally, after spending long hours over their composition, striving always to use the exact word proper to each thought and sentence, he desired to deliver them precisely as they were written. An extempore style of preaching being out of the question, he had either to read or recite. At first he chose the latter, but fortunately not for long, and he became a standing rebuke to those people who are always advising young men not to take their manuscript into the pulpit. But although

preaching and teaching occupied so much of his time, his bent was still towards literature, or at least towards journalism. 'My great ambition,' he used to say long after, 'was to starve in a Grub Street garret.' Nevertheless, when the call to the ministry came he was ready to respond, though not without a struggle, for his pride and ambition pulled the other way.

The Rev. Henry Castle was at that time the superintendent of the Tiverton circuit, in which Torquay was the second place. He saw the promise displayed in the young preacher's infinite capacity for taking pains, and in spite of the long words and affected style, he saw the spiritual zeal and enthusiasm which lay hidden beneath. But when he had obtained Jenkins' consent to be put forward as a candidate for the ministry, he had still to face the difficulty of getting him accepted. My father, writing of this occasion, says, 'I had great difficulty in passing the District Meeting. There were serious misgivings as to my health, and then my trial sermon was a failure. It was supposed to be cold and metaphysical, as if a preacher could be

anything else than cold and metaphysical at six o'clock in the morning, with an audience of fifteen persons ! But the ground lost in the pulpit was made up in the district examination. For this I had worked hard, and obtained, as I was informed, more than ordinary success ; but it is certain I should have been rejected but for the efforts of my old superintendent, the Rev. Henry Castle.' Although in the light of later events it may seem absurd that Dr. Jenkins should have failed in his trial sermon, there is something to be said for the examiners who came to this decision. Many of the early sermons are disfigured by the use of rare and obscure words, which must have produced a very unfavourable impression on a common-sense Methodist audience ; thus in one of them he refers to 'the growing *caducity* of Satan's kingdom.' In the district examination the candidate trusted to his prodigious memory. 'I did not use a word of my own,' was the way he summed up his performance. Whether this was strictly accurate or not, his replies so astonished the examiners that the sermon failure

was forgiven. Those who opposed his acceptance therefore fell back on the subject of health, and suggested that he had been in the habit of spitting blood. This was not so; but he had always been delicate, and often had presentiments that he was going to die young. However, Mr. Castle was determined that the Connexion should not lose so promising a candidate, and he told the District Meeting in a very emphatic manner that if they rejected Ebenezer Jenkins they would answer for it at the Day of Judgement.

Having passed the District Meeting, he was appointed to Madras, and it was directed that he should proceed thither at once, without further training. He was ordained at Great Queen Street Chapel, London, on October 31, 1845, and embarked, in company with two brother missionaries, in the *Tigris City*, bound for Colombo. The vessel set sail on November 17, and did not reach her destination until March 25, the voyage thus occupying a little more than four months. For a whole week the ship was detained in Falmouth harbour, and this enabled the



young missionaries to hold special services there. I find this entry in my father's journal: 'The wind is still unfavourable. God seems to have work for us to do in this town. This evening at the prayer-meeting there was a shaking among the dry bones. We invited as many as were seeking salvation to remain after; they did so, and the work began. One after another cried out in the disquietude of conviction, and about eight persons obtained pardon, among whom were two backsliders.' The voyage was continued on December 7. After the usual period of sea-sickness, the young missionary had plenty of time for study and meditation. On Christmas Eve his thoughts travelled back to the happy Methodist home which he had left. 'How often I wish to look upon my own dear home, to take my own seat in the circle, and participate in their social and spiritual enjoyments. I am astonished at my own indolence and want of spirituality as day after day glides on unimproved. As the passengers are worldly, both in conversation and pursuit, I find it difficult in intercourse with them to keep my heart from

wandering from God. My private devotions want both vigour and regularity.'

The missionaries made it a practice to have a prayer-meeting every Saturday at seven. On Sunday morning the captain read prayers, and one of them preached ; in the evening they sang hymns in an informal way with the passengers. From numerous entries in the journal it can be seen how blessed were these times to my father. 'We had our usual meeting this evening ; the exercise of prayer is becoming more welcome to me as I practise it ; my communion with God is much sweeter and more hallowed than ever.' He did not, however, like preaching on deck, and never felt quite at home. The audience was unsympathetic, and he missed the warmth of a Methodist chapel.

One evening, while meditating on his spiritual wants, he composed the following hymn :

I want a love like Thine,  
Claiming a kindred right,  
To shine for all and ever shine,  
Quenchless and vast and bright.

The charity I claim  
Unto my heart reveal,  
And make it vigorous with the flame  
Of missionary zeal.

Then to the field I haste,  
And reckon all things loss  
That India's sons enslaved may taste  
The freedom of the cross.

Gladly for this I stem  
The separating sea,  
To preach that Christ can do for them  
What He has done for me.

The voyage had also its lighter side. The missionaries assisted in editing a weekly paper called *The Shark*. This was read to the passengers every Saturday evening after dinner. It contained burlesque accounts of the incidents of the journey. For this my father wrote a good many verses and also a small drama. One poem supposed to be recited by the cabin-boy complains that the passengers come into the kitchen on Sunday after service and persuade the cook to let them taste the pudding, the consequence of which 'tasting' being that there was not pudding enough to go round the crew—

They come to honour us with a morning call,  
 And not to taste the pudding—not at all.  
 Around the doctor and the dough they buzz,  
 And ask the poor old fellow how he does.  
 But while they speak I watch their hungry eye,  
 Keen as a dolphin's when the bait is nigh.  
 They smack their feverish lips, and, coughing thrice,  
 They say 'Tis warm,' and that 'the dough looks nice ;  
 If asked to taste they simper and they touch.  
 'Oh no !' 'But yes.' 'A little bit, not much !'  
 Not much ! Oh no ! How large a piece, how small,  
 P'raps Mr. Jenkins will inform you all ;  
 For though he had a plateful to the brim  
 A pound of dough is but light winds to him.  
 And Mr. Wallace too, it is presumed  
 A cockroach could eat more than he consumed.  
 I don't know how they preach, I'm not awake ;  
 But they can feast on dough, and no mistake.

On February 12 the vessel encountered a gale, and from an entry in the journal it would appear that a sailing-ship in a storm was a lively place to spend a night in. 'The top sails were double reefed and the main sail was furled ; the gale continued more or less during the whole night ; such a night I never passed. Though there is a place for everything, nothing was in its place. One passenger was thrown out of bed, another found his cabin half filled with water, and each could recite at the

breakfast-table next morning a chapter of accidents. I had but little rest ; my poor body was indeed animated matter, and so was everything else : chairs, tables, boxes, bottles, books, inkstands, tumblers, all found something to do in the gymnastic profession.' The wind dropped the next day, and the voyage continued without much incident until Colombo was reached.

## CHAPTER II

### FIRST YEARS IN INDIA

WHEN Jenkins landed at Colombo he found that it had pleased the Missionary Committee to alter his appointment from Madras to Mannargudi. He did not like this at first, but he says, 'After reflection, I soon discovered that God was in the measure. Mr. Cryer, who is to be my superintendent, came to see me and informed me that one grand reason for the change was that I should have greater facilities for the acquisition of Tamil, where we have no English preaching ; and that, although a young man's work is at first arduous, he gains an important advantage in the end. I like Mr. Cryer very much ; he has strong sense, fervent and tried piety, and extensive missionary experience. If I should be permitted to spend two years with him, it will render me

more abundantly qualified for mission work.' This favourable impression of the Rev. Thomas Cryer was only strengthened by a more intimate acquaintance, and the more Jenkins knew of his superintendent the more he revered and loved him. 'Thomas Cryer,' he wrote in after years, 'made himself one with the natives. His knowledge of their language, his familiarity with their superstitions, his incessant intercourse with every class, enabled him to gain a nearer access to their inner life than most Englishmen are able to command. It would be hard to alight upon a man whom experience and piety had qualified so eminently for missionary labour.'

From Colombo Mr. Cryer and his young colleague proceeded to Caytes, one of the small islands which lie between Ceylon and the continent of India. The journey from here to Mannargudi revealed to Jenkins some of the discomforts of Eastern travelling. 'We embarked this morning at two o'clock, and anchored off Adrampatram at twelve. We were fixed eight miles from the shore, for the captain was afraid to venture nearer, as

the soundings in these waters are very uncertain. Mr. Cryer first went ashore to procure a dhone, or native boat, to convey the younger brother and his luggage. About four or five o'clock a large boat arrived, and having closely stowed in self, servants, and boxes, we set sail, and landed on the vast continent at half-past six. Such a landing I never heard of—even Mr. Cryer was astonished; about half a mile from the shore the water degenerated into mud, and we literally sailed through unadulterated mire. We put up full sail, and the men got out over the boat and pushed. At last, with the union of these forces, our dhone was brought to land. We ordered bullock bandies, and whilst jolting in these carriages my views on patience were much enlarged. By eleven the next day we had completed just half the distance; we rested for some hours at Malaputra, and then tried our hand at travelling again. After upsetting twice, we did contrive to reach Mannargudi by seven o'clock.'

The next entry in the journal is also interesting, giving us as it does the first



impressions of a young missionary in his new surroundings.

‘Last night I gratefully acknowledged the mercy of God in bringing me safely to my station, after a voyage of fifteen thousand miles. I have been looking about me to-day and surveying my circumstances. They are certainly interesting. Here is none to speak to but Mr. Cryer. The servants speak Tamil. The dogs only understand Tamil. The birds sing Tamil. Everything is or has Tamil.

‘A man comes knocking at my door, and turns and twists his mouth, and makes gesticulations. I stand like a fool, and after all must run to ask Mr. Cryer to lift me out of the difficulty. This evening I walked into the town to hear our native assistant. I cannot describe the emotion I felt as I walked through it: heathen temples rising on every side, Brahmins clustering here and there, and a dense population groaning under the despotism of heathenism.

‘The Hindu is one of the most perplexing characters upon earth. Even men whose perceptions and sagacity have all the advantages

which experience can confer are babes in this study ; and, humanly speaking, how can the truth of God be efficiently proclaimed, unless in adaptation to the general character of any people ? One great cause of this difficulty is in the peculiar character of the Eastern languages ; they appear, in their philosophical construction, to have been intended only for Brahmins. Of course, the common people have dialects from them, but in their genius there is recognized an exclusion of the low and ignorant. To foreigners these mysterious tongues present almost insuperable obstacles ; one old missionary, after fifty years' study, declared himself to be still a child in Tamil. If he were a child, then it will be many years before I obtain a birth.'

Some weeks later he writes—

'I heard Mr. Cryer preach this morning ; I perceive that a man must have much physical energy to animate a Tamil congregation. It is an effort of patience for me to hear an argument without the ability to mingle in it. The Hindus are the greatest talkers in the world ; and this for two

reasons—their language is copious, and their knowledge is limited and imperfect.’

By diligent study he was able in September to prepare a Tamil sermon, the text being, ‘We preach Christ and Him crucified.’ He thus describes the service: ‘This morning read prayers and preached in our large chapel (which is a very small one). I say “preached,” would that that word had any meaning where I have placed it! It was a cross for me to pray extempore, but the Lord helped me. I was thankful to hear that the people understood me.’

When the novelty of his surroundings began to wear off, the utter loneliness of his position began to appal him. He had no English friends in Mannargudi, and Mr. Cryer was often away. His journal is so melancholy that it would be tedious to quote or read, but fortunately in later years my father wrote a sketch of his life during this trying time in Mannargudi. He says: ‘While I gratefully recall my association with Mr. Cryer in Mannargudi and afterwards in Negapatam, the benefit of that association was not immediate. I studied hard; but this

had been my habit for many years. My revered friend did not make me in love with mission work. I longed for English society and for an English pulpit. Our next-door neighbour lived eighteen miles away ; he was an English doctor. One evening when I was carried to the Mission House after a severe fall from my horse, this gentleman was sent for. On the third day our messenger returned to say the doctor was not at home ! I was sometimes alone on the station for weeks together ; wherever I strolled there was a troop of boys after me, a popularity I did not covet ; and when I visited the Brahmins' quarter I encountered not merely curiosity but resentment, not the coarser treatment of violence and vulgar storm, but the contempt of superiority and power. It is a humiliating confession, but I lost heart. In my comparative ignorance of the language, in my absolute ignorance of the people, in that isolation of sympathy and mind which is the intensest form of solitude, Hinduism filled me with dismay. Everything I saw was exaggerated by an imagination which was morbid because uninformed. The wealth, the

learning, the unity, and the antiquity of this wonderful religion suggested terrific doubts regarding my own. I can only give this hint of the conflict of that memorable year. Coward as I was, I would have welcomed any chance of running away from the field.'

With his removal from Mannargudi to Negapatam happier days were in store for him. He formed a close friendship with the Rev. Joseph Little. As he himself says in a letter to his friend, 'In 1847 our lives ran into each other and made one stream.' His knowledge of the language had also improved, and he began to deliver extempore addresses in Tamil. His first he preached in a street to a small crowd of lookers-on, and he characterizes it as feeble and disjointed, 'yet God does not despise the day of feeble things ; He can bless the humble effort. For even this effort I am very thankful. My health is somewhat deranged, I fear, from overwork, yet not to work in this dreary country is to be miserable. The truth is, and it must out, I do not love the souls of the natives ; and yet, why am I sent to India but to preach to them ?' He still longed for an English pulpit, and when

the call came to go to Madras he gladly responded. Here he had a considerable amount of English work to do. 'I am sorry Tamil will have such a formidable rival,' he writes, 'it bears up but poorly against English ; but I work hard at it daily, and preach and meet classes in it every week.'

We get a little glimpse of his native work in these early days in Madras from the following entry in his journal: 'I took some tracts and a few gospels and went out for my usual Tuesday evening's ramble. We entered from the road into what may be called compound ground, and, passing some low houses, we met a few people and some children at work. I stopped and asked them what they were doing, and told them I had some nice books, at which they looked pleased (such a squalid, dirty set I never saw). I took out some tracts and directed my attention to what appeared to me to be the head man among them. He said that he could not read, but, calling some of the boys, requested me to give them a book. I distributed a few tracts, and then told them my errand, which was to preach

the gospel. The women now crept out of their holes and drew near with wondering attention, for these poor creatures have seldom a kind word spoken to them, and listened with gratifying eagerness. I took out the Gospel of John and read a portion to them from the third chapter, on the new birth, and endeavoured with the little Tamil I could command to explain to them the nature, and enforce upon them the necessity, of that great change. I felt it a great privilege to preach to these miserable heathens. They drank in truths they had probably never so much as heard of before. The man of whom I spoke never so much as took his eyes off me, and by signs which I could not mistake, showed that the truth was not only understood but assented to and appreciated. One noisy fellow endeavoured to interrupt us; one of the women exclaimed, "He is an enemy!" and we concluded with peace. The Testament I had in my hand I gave to one of the young men, who promised to read it attentively. I was attended by a Monshi, who, while I was preaching, withdrew to a little distance. He told me afterwards that the people were of

the lowest, dirtiest set. "Much more impure than our own servants," said he, "and therefore I could not go nearer." I told him that our Lord was accused of talking and eating with low people, and replied thus to His accusers, "They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." "That's wise," said he; "that's good." But this people can appreciate that which is right, yet shame and persecution will ever deter them from it.'

But even in Madras Jenkins did not settle down all at once. He found the English society there rather indifferent and cold where native work was concerned, and at first his own preaching at Black Town Chapel did not suit the friends there any too well. 'My congregations are always poor now,' he writes. 'I strive to preach with all my power of body and intellect. It does not, however, seem to be the preaching which the people like. Let me be thankful for anybody to preach to. I am far too much influenced by the numbers of the people.' My father was always a shy man, too proud to give his friendship readily, and inclined to keep very



much to himself for fear of being unfavourably received. As he wrote on one occasion, 'I would rather be drubbed than snubbed.' Consequently he was always in danger of feeling lonely and depressed in a new place unless his welcome was an unusually warm one. This depression is revealed in a letter to Mr. Little, dated August, 1848—

'As for me, I am in a—you know what! Expect to hear something desperate about me. Don't be anxious, but don't be surprised to read a "*Stolen or Strayed*" among the Oriental intelligence in a Cape print. Five feet seven in height, rather down in the mouth and in the pocket, &c., &c.

'We expect the mail every moment. I hope for an immoderate quantity of confections. Nay, don't look like that; you lived upon them yourself until you got more substantial food. Hope baby is a great girl by this time. I never confessed to an envy before I saw that tiny substratum of a woman in your arms. I wished these arms could claim another such. But let us hope for the best. "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."

The 'more substantial food' referred to

above arrived in 1850, when my father married Miss Eliza Drewett. She was a most accomplished lady, having been governess in a Russian nobleman's family in St. Petersburg. She had a niece of the same name, and as my father was very friendly with both ladies, this gave rise to an interesting little story—that his letter of proposal went to the wrong Eliza Drewett, who favourably received it and went out to India, and that my father, concealing the fact that any mistake had been made, married her. There does not seem any firmer foundation for this romantic anecdote than that the younger Miss Drewett was nearer my father's own age, and therefore his family expected him to choose her rather than her aunt. At all events the marriage proved a singularly happy one, and Mrs. Jenkins' fine intellect and keen critical faculty made her of the greatest service to the rising young missionary. 'My wife had all the qualities I lacked. She made me,' was the verdict of later years.

His days of solitude were now over, and with such a helpmeet he began to throw himself into missionary work and missionary problems

with renewed vigour. 'Happily,' he wrote in after days, 'I was under the direction of a chairman who gave his young colleague a free hand. My attention was directed to educational work by a controversy which Dr. Duff's educational labours in Calcutta had awakened in missionary circles. Several of our older men doubted the success of Dr. Duff's experiment, and even condemned the principle on which it was based. This eminent man had able coadjutors in other parts of India—Dr. Wilson in Bombay, and Messrs. Anderson, Braidwood, and Johnson in Madras. Their schools were discussed in the few Indian papers that at the time represented missionary opinion in the East. When I began the Royapettah School the dispute had begun to wane, but the prejudice against the teaching of English to the natives as a missionary instrument had been strong enough to deter our own District from adopting it until 1852. My attempt was ably seconded by the Rev. James Hobday, and in 1853 by the powerful help of my old colleague, the Rev. Arminius Burgess. I may add that this new branch of labour did

not lessen the amount or impair the efficiency of our vernacular work. But it was our first systematic attack upon the higher forms of Hinduism.'

Jenkins<sup>1</sup> 'could scarcely be called an educationist in the strictly technical sense of that term, for he rather prided himself on his indifference to the details of school organization, nor did he care for the drudgery of teaching five hours a day. But his genius gave an indefinable inspiration to his subordinates, and as the result the humble Boys' School has long since developed into the Royapettah College, not to mention our important institutions at Negapatam and Mannargudi.'

While my father was labouring in Madras Mr. Little had been in Negapatam, where he had powerfully influenced a high caste Hindu called Somasoondrum, who afterwards died in our ministry. My father went back for a short time to Negapatam and there met and conversed with Somasoondrum, and was so pleased that he decided to prepare him for baptism. This led to an incident so exciting

<sup>1</sup> See article by Mr. Burgess in *Methodist Recorder*.

that it is best given in my father's own words. In a letter to Mr. Little he says—

*'March 14.*—I had a long talk last night with Somasoondrum, your young convert. I was never more pleased in my life with a similar case. I think him not only a clever, clear-headed boy, but a sincere and hearty renouncer of heathenism, and as ardent a seeker of the truth and the life. I think of baptizing him on Sunday morning. More to-morrow.

*'March 16.*—Yesterday I wrote a letter to the lad's father stating the case to him. He came ; we had some talk together ; he wanted to take the boy away for ten days. I saw through this, and said that if the boy wished to go with his father he might go. He refused. The father, an old white-bearded man, took hold of his son, and was proceeding to drag him out of the room. I quietly desired him to unhand the lad ; he would not, clung to him, and screamed, "My child ! my child !" We shut the front door and endeavoured to calm the old man ; but no ! "Give me my boy, my begotten ! I cut my own throat when I gave him to you !" By-and-by the elder son came and demanded

his brother. He was a strong, determined man; he said the lad was a natural fool; that he had been subject to attacks of the brain ever since he was eight years old; that he was not able to take care of himself. He then brought witnesses (about a dozen), all screaming out that the child was little better than an idiot, and they would have him. I told them that we would take the case before the collector when he arrived; but *no*, they would have the boy now. They increased by fives and tens, and soon the whole verandah was crowded. Poor Hobday! I shall never forget his look; he thought, and, indeed, I was nigh thinking, that they would break in. Some of them were diabolical fellows, like David's strong bulls of Bashan. They glared at me with imprecatory eyes, shook their fists, and roared and bellowed and foamed like a torrent. They stamped and cursed, then they coaxed, appealed to my good nature, to my sense, to my position—then shrieks, groans, pushings, and hootings. It was as if the devil had improvised a scene from hell to frighten us. Once I was in considerable

danger. I jumped out among them and happened to touch two or three. "You pushed me," said one; "You pushed me," said another. "Well," I said in a desperate whisper, "I am not afraid of you; stand off! let some reasonable men from among you come and talk calmly with me." I assure you I was glad to sidle away and get on my old place again (the window ledge). For three hours we were like this. We had sent at the beginning for constables, but the peons were away. I feared now that we *must* give in. At this juncture one of the most calm of them came over and began to reason quietly with me. I gave him my ear with a look, I doubt not, of great consideration, and he gently poured into it all the persuasions he could think of. I did not contradict him, for I thought that while he was talking we were gaining time. When the people saw him persuading me they were calm, then ere long a peon came up and partially dismissed them.

'*March* 18.—The police dar whom Hobday had sent for now came up. He saw the boy, examined him, and said we had done quite

right to keep him until Mr. I. arrived. The latter came next day, and we were summoned before him. I regret to tell you that the above little precise-lipped gentleman gave it as his judgement that since the Hindu law gives the father unqualified authority over his son until he is eighteen Somasoondrum ought to return, he being only fourteen. We presumed to mention how this law is treated in Madras. However, Mr. I. rubbed his hands, looked down on his green baize, and said that, though the Hindu statute had been contravened in Madras, they were not at liberty to depart from it in the country. However, I prefer this kind of defeat to the *victories* of old times. The native assistants and Christians here say that there never was such a stir in Negapatam on this subject before. I am confident that much good will come of it.'

My father eventually baptized Somasoondrum on April 22, 1854.



## CHAPTER III

### THE HEAT OF THE DAY

‘I T was in February, 1853,’ writes Mr. Burgess, ‘that I first met Mr. Jenkins. The P. & O. steamer anchored in the Madras Roads before sunrise on Sunday, and I at once made my way to the Black Town Chapel, where he was conducting the English Sunday school. He was then a dapper little man, dressed in a costume that rather surprised a young man fresh from home—white trousers, and a short white jacket and waistcoat. He gave me a most cordial welcome, and soon accompanied me to the Royapettah Mission House. Though the English pulpit was the main source of his reputation in Madras, his influence in the moulding of our missionary policy can hardly be exaggerated. It might almost be said that he revolutionized it. Before his time, for

instance, our missionaries devoted much more labour to the East Indians and Indo-Portuguese than to the natives. Thus, on my arrival, we had four English services a week in Madras alone, and that was exclusive of similar services in the suburbs. No wonder that very few of the missionaries of that day could preach fluently in Tamil. But he secured the appointment of an English pastor at Black Town, thus setting the rest of us free for work among the heathen.'

To his English preaching he naturally devoted a great amount of time and care though it was sometimes difficult for him to prepare his sermons amidst his other multitudinous duties. This is not surprising, considering how incredibly slowly he composed them. Perfect quiet was necessary, and perfect quiet was not easy to procure. 'Our house is again full,' he complains, 'and again a nuisance. I would far rather dwell in Meshech or potter about in one of the tents of Kedar! I have been so annoyed by people disturbing me during study that I have done little, but I am plodding through my sermon as well as I can. I found myself

more disposed than usual to read for it. This is a bad habit. It contracts the mind, or tends to do so, to the limit of the author perused, and insensibly leads one into a beaten track, a way in which my own mind never walks agreeably or prosperously. I get on slowly because my intellect is exceedingly barren and inactive.' The last sentence some of his admirers will find it difficult to credit. He really got on slowly because of his almost morbid dread of the commonplace, and because his keen critical faculty compelled him to search for the exact word required in any passage until he found it. This made him spend sometimes a whole morning on half a page of his manuscript. Writing for the press he found even more laborious. He was for some time Editor of *The Instructor*. 'In writing an article for the paper nothing satisfies me. In seeking fine expressions and a correct style I get dreadfully stiff, and there is rather a dropping than a copiousness of thought.'

His school work was prospering, though hindered by lack of funds. At first he was worried about the procuring of textbooks.

He wrote home for some, but the Mission House authorities wrote to say that the books he had chosen had an infidel tendency, and they could not sanction their use. 'Infidel fiddlesticks!' was his indignant comment; and he somewhat reasonably suggests that they might at any rate have dispatched some others if they did not approve of those he had chosen. There was, however, no lack of boys. 'The Hindus place their sons with us,' he writes, 'not because they are friendly to Christianity, for they dread the possibility of conversion, but because a good knowledge of the English language is now the road to wealth in Madras. Government offices, Government schools, the judicial, medical, and engineering departments, all offer lucrative situations to the most able and qualified native young men, and as their strongest passion is the love of money, they expose themselves to the neglect of their religion, the corruption of Pariahs, and the conversion of Christianity to obtain the means of getting rich. In no other country have I seen the love of money make such sacrifices, descend to such shifts, and

contentedly wear such humiliations as amongst the Hindu. As I was walking through a native village with a brother missionary a Brahmin overtook us and begged us to relieve him. As most of these persons are impostors, we refused ; but he followed us with the most artful importunities, and when we yet resisted he prostrated himself before us and said, " You shall be my god if you will give me two annas " (threepence). The parents, then, place their boys under us because they think money is worth all risks. Now, these boys as a rule are not children, but youths, from seventeen to twenty-three years old, partially educated in their own language before they come to us, and well able to appreciate a high order of instruction. They are generally both quick and diligent, and when they have fair opportunities their progress, especially in mathematics, would do credit to any English students. But secular learning is only a door through which we lead them to divine knowledge. The Bible is our great class-book, and to effect throughout the school a faithful dissemination of the word of life we endeavour to secure for each principal class a converted

teacher. God has raised up from our own mission several young men who enter with us heart and strength into the grand business of saving souls. At the head of the school, and teaching the first class, is Mr. Arminius Burgess. Standing around him and his colleagues day after day are Brahmins, Sudras, Mohammedans, and Pariahs, and here under these favourable circumstances the Bible is opened. I have seen these young men ashamed and confounded as the pretensions of their deities and philosophies were exposed and overthrown by that Word which giveth Light. I have known young men, after the school was over, follow us to our house and ask a more private and personal conversation on the subject that had so deeply impressed them at school.'

Nevertheless direct and satisfactory conversions were most rare among the boys of high-caste Hindu families. There were some among the low-caste pupils, but the stain of conversion to Christianity was so impressed upon those who came from better-class families that few dared face the awful sacrifice and humiliation of declaring themselves

followers of Jesus Christ. Several instances of the difficulty of securing a high-caste Hindu convert are to be found amongst my father's journals and papers. The case of Somasoondrum has been already mentioned. The following is another touching story of a Negapatam boy. A youth of seventeen, who had been taught in the Negapatam English school, became deeply convinced of sin, and, unknown to his father, used to visit the mission house in the evenings to open his heart to the missionary, Mr. Hobday. The latter dealt faithfully with him, described what he would have to suffer for Christ, and did what he could to test the ground of the lad's resolution. The word had taken such a hold of his conscience that at every interview he became more eager and impatient to make the surrender. He formed the plan of running away from home and walking to Mr. Jenkins' house at Madras, a distance of one hundred and seventy miles. The poor boy started, and was not at first pursued, as his father thought that hunger would soon drive him home again. When this opinion turned out to be wrong, however, the father

determined to overtake him and bring him home by force. Meanwhile the son struggled on, living by the few pence which he had obtained from the sale of one of his school books, a Euclid, until within five miles of his destination. Here his father overtook him. The boy had walked one hundred and sixty-five miles, he had overtaken his strength, for when his father found him he was crawling along nearly blind with exhaustion, hunger, and weariness, and was utterly incapable of resistance. His father took him up like a thing dead, and after resting for a while brought him home, and the missionary saw him no more. 'Of all our discouragements,' says the journal, 'this is the most painful, when after tending the plant and watching its growth with long patience, the fruit just fit to be gathered is snatched from us. But if not permitted to joy over it on earth, may it be the crown of our rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus.'

Fortunately my father had an optimistic temperament, and though he realized fully the great difficulties of aggressive Christian work among the Hindus, his faith never wavered about the ultimate victory of the religion of



Jesus. One great requisite of a missionary he had to the full—a capacity for putting himself in the unbeliever's place. He perceived clearly that the cultivation of a faith where there is none, or the changing of a faith where there is a false one, is the most difficult task a man can undertake, nay, an impossible one, unless the Holy Spirit lend His aid. My father's sympathy with unbelievers and doubters was one of his most useful and most lovable characteristics, and enabled him to retain his friendship for, and his influence over people whose opinions were very different from his own. He knew that he was asking no light thing of a Hindu when he pleaded with him to accept Christ as the Redeemer of the world, and that it was an even harder task for a Mohammedan to make such a confession. The position of the Hindu halting between two faiths is, I think, well put in the following passage:<sup>1</sup> "We take a Christian convert from a heathen city in the centre of Hinduism. For two thousand years that city has had but one faith, but one mode of worship, but one opinion on

<sup>1</sup> From one of the Sermons.

religion. There is not one Christian house in the town, not one Christian memorial. The people have no tradition of any, no suspicion that their religious system could ever be supplanted by another. A stranger, new in feature, in race, in language, takes one of the inhabitants and endeavours to convince him that the whole city is in error with respect to religion, has been in error for twenty centuries, and if they do not believe him (the stranger whom they never saw or dreamt of before), if they do not cease to believe their sacred books and cease to worship in their sacred temples, and cease to reverence their sacred priests, they cannot be saved. What would be the natural result produced upon the mind of the solitary hearer? He would not have skill to contend with the better-informed stranger, but would immediately take refuge behind the argument of majorities. "Which is the more probable," he will say, "that this stranger should be in error, or that we should all have been deceived for twenty centuries?" If the missionary win his convert, the trying process of his conversion will be the working himself up against majorities. Everything

about him seems to prevail against his faith ; numerical strength, the preponderance of associations, the thronging together of seductions, the almost overpowering rebuke of his abandonment by the majorities, all unite to impress upon his senses and feelings a defenceless and unnatural loneliness that but for the grace of God would soon hurry him back to the multitude.'

In 1855 both Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins were beginning to feel the effects of overwork and an Eastern climate. Mrs. Jenkins had never been strong, and in spite of short holidays to the hills, her health was gradually failing. My father therefore applied for leave to return to England for a year, and this was granted. Writing a farewell letter to the Rev. Joseph Little, he says—

'Thank you for your kind wishes. Think tenderly of us when we are far away, and give us gentle memories. We have been deeply affected by the kindness which everybody is showing us on leaving. I leave the work with every hope that greater things will be seen and heard here than I have known, and that the seed we have been sowing, from

Lynch<sup>1</sup> right down to the present day, will quicken under better and abler men than we have been. We must, and I believe shall, have men of higher mould. The Committee have committed blunders on this head which we hope will not be repeated.'

My father remained in England until December, 1857. He was therefore away from India during the most trying time of the Mutiny. This event, however, increased the number of his public engagements, and by the time he embarked he was quite worn out instead of being rested. This being the experience of about nine missionaries out of ten when home on furlough, the fact calls for no comment. It is interesting, however, to discover what the missionary thought of that Indian Government which was so soon to become a thing of the past.

'When I first went to India,' he writes, 'the country was like a vast preserve, fenced round with impenetrable rails and gates denying admittance to every sportsman but the proprietor. I must hesitate, however, to

<sup>1</sup> James Lynch began the Mission at Madras in 1817.

condemn *in toto* the exclusive policy of the East India Company. It was a wise policy to begin with ; for in the early days of our rule, and before the people understood us, it gave a uniform aspect to British power, securing the fear and loyalty of the people from the disturbance of local politics. I cannot attribute to the prudence of the directors of that Government any nobler motive than gain ; their philanthropy desired no purer gratification than good dividends for their investments. The Company's rule was founded upon no principles beyond such as appertain to the market and the Exchange. Its administration was copied after no model ; it grew by an almost insensible aggregation of territory, of revenue, and of power into the dominions and responsibilities of Empire, and although built up by British hands, it became more despotic than Russia, more haughty and jealous than Spain, more exclusive than Austria. The wisdom we applaud in the early features of our Indian Government is not to be ascribed to the merchants who ruled or to the statesmen who administered, but to the Hand that fashions a nation

as a potter shapes the plastic clay into a vessel; it is He that made us, and not we ourselves.'

In pleading for missions his speeches resounded with his usual optimism, and it is small wonder that he often carried his audience with him, and made the people see with his eye of faith the vision of a Christian India.

'Give me these resources, sir,' he cried out in one meeting, 'and there may be one hundred and seventy-five millions to convert, I shall not stagger at numbers; there may be institutions as old as the hills and as firm as the hills to be overthrown, I shall not be appalled by antiquity. We can say to these mountains, "Be ye cast into the sea," and they shall obey us. There may be in the temper and social organization of that great people capacities of hostility more obstructive to progress and more dangerous to life and liberty than ever Church or Government encountered. I shall not fear for the stability of converts—nay, if it be necessary that more altars to persecution should be raised, the Missionary Societies in India have their

victims ready. I have the great honour of knowing men there who would rejoice to be counted worthy to suffer shame and death for Jesus.'

The Conference of 1857 appointed him chairman of the Madras District, and in December he set out once more. The journey was made overland, as an accident happened to one of the steamers. 'We have now,' he writes, 'a large accession of missionaries. My charge is a very responsible one. While I am here may I work with ever-increasing efficiency. My natural unfitness for governing and directing makes it necessary that I should give all diligence. God help me to preach with power to the native people.'

And now occurred the most exciting incident of my father's life in India. A young man of caste who was a pupil in the Royapettah school stated that he could no longer remain an idolater, and that he wished to be baptized as a Christian. My father deferred his baptism for some time until he should learn the way of God more perfectly, and the boy came every night to the Mission House

for instruction. The rejoicing in the Mission House over his conversion was mingled with trembling, as several of the Royapettah pupils had come to this stage and then been lost. One morning Viziarangum (for that was the boy's name) took refuge from his friends in my father's house. He said that he could not return home again, and that he was fully determined to be a Christian, whatever the cost. His father was sent for in order that he might see that Viziarangum had forsaken Hinduism from principle. The father came, and was horrified at his son's determination. He entreated, threatened, sobbed, and manifested the most outrageous symptoms of grief. When Mr. Jenkins tried to soothe him, he said sadly, 'You are a great talker; you talk and talk on, and you know that one word from you would give me back my boy. I am a man of brief words; you be such an one for once, and say the word—say, "Go home with your father," and he will go.' It was pointed out that it was impossible to order the boy out of the house against his will, for his father would never let him come back. Then the mother and



grandmother arrived, wailing as only Hindu women can wail. The grandmother snatched a knife from the gardener, and threatened to cut her throat on the spot, unless Viziarangum returned at once. The mother was quieter. The boy himself, though overcome with emotion, steadily declined to go home.

The next day the father came again, this time with a knife, and bade Mr. Jenkins take care. A mob now surrounded the Mission House, and shouted for Viziarangum, who hid himself in a back room. Somasoondrum, who had been through a similar experience (see Chapter II.), was a great help to everybody, and invaluable in comforting the new convert. The mob was restrained by a police force ; but on the following day, through gross carelessness, this protection was withdrawn, and the Mission House and its inmates were abandoned to the tender mercies of the fanatic Hindu. The rest of the story may be given in my father's own words :

‘ The people outside, seeing the coast clear, rushed in like a surging flood. In a few minutes the house was surrounded by three hundred infuriated heathens. Providentially

Mrs. Jenkins had gone to chapel, the two brethren, Stephenson and Cockill, were with me. I addressed the mob from a window, begged them to be quiet and go away. One fellow took off his shoe and brandished it at me, crying, "I'd slipper you, if I could get at you." A Hindu can offer no greater insult than when he threatens to beat you with his shoe. Some one then threw up dust to the window, and this was a signal for a general assault with brickbats that began to rain upon the windows and glass thicker and faster. To our great alarm we heard them forcing the door. Mr. Stephenson then slipped out at the back and made his way through our neighbour's garden to the police station to beg for help. Convinced that the door must go, we now began to barricade the inner rooms. The staircase would lead the mob into a long narrow apartment that looks out on the front of the house; from this we enter the large middle room. Three doors lead into it; these we secured as well as we were able. The mob came up just as we had finished, and were furious to find another barrier in their way.

But they had their revenge. In the long front room, to which we had for the present confined them, tea had been laid. They smashed the crockery, stole the spoons, threw the pictures and chairs out of the window, and, having done all the mischief they could, proceeded to force the door lead-into the middle room.

‘Finding ourselves hunted from room to room by bloodthirsty ruffians (it was my life they particularly wanted), we planned a retreat. Viziarangum had run into a room at the end of the house opposite to that in which we had been struggling. He bolted himself in, and open the door he would not. We called to him, but all was still, and I feared the poor lad had fainted from terror. They soon broke into his room ; but it was now growing dark, and he had got under a cot, and coiled himself up in a corner, putting knees and head together and making himself a ball. They came in, spread themselves over the room, the leader of the mob among them, and felt everywhere for him. God guided them to the spot where he was *not*. One approached so near that Viza could

hear him feeling about within a few inches of him, and crying, "Viza! Viza!" He told us afterwards that he prayed to God, saying, "Lord, save the life of him whom Thou hast brought out of heathenism and idolatry." He was saved by a miracle. But to return to the end of the house from which we were about to escape. Mr. Cockill, as a last resort, tried to pacify the mob. We called to them, at the risk of our heads, through the window; they only replied with a heavier fire of bricks. We then crept down a back stairs into a little bathroom, from the window of which we could look into our neighbour's garden. This was at the side of the house; the mob did not happen to be there at the moment; a run of two hundred feet and two jumps might save us. We started, were instantly observed and pursued. Mr. Cockill ran as I used to do when I first came to India. He cleared the hedge and the high wall like a deer. In taking the hedge I fell, but fortunately on the opposite side; and though all my length on my back, God gave me energy for this terrible moment, and I recovered before I was overtaken; and,

collecting all my remaining strength for the wall, was just saved. The savages had a dread of our neighbour's arms, and gave up the pursuit. My experience was literally David's, "By Thee have I run through a troop; and by my God have I leaped over a wall!"

After the mob had gone away baffled, and everything was quiet, forty mounted police cantered into the yard. One would have been enough some hours before. When, a short time after, my father baptized Viziarangum there was perfect order, and the heathen who were present listened to the service with respect and reverence.

The work at Black Town Chapel was more successful than ever, not only the preaching-services, but also the prayer-meetings being well attended. Writing to Mr. Little in 1860, my father says, 'We are now about to enlarge the English chapel at Black Town by throwing a transept across the pulpit end of the building. This alteration will enable us to accommodate one hundred and twenty-five additional hearers. Our Sunday evening congregations are too

large for comfort. People cannot get in, and so they go away.' The leaders of the Black Town congregation also suggested that my father should prepare a volume of sermons for the press. This was done eventually, and the book was brought out under the title *Sermons Delivered in the Wesleyan Chapel, Madras*. The book was very favourably reviewed, as a quotation from one notice will show. 'The living freshness and vigorous raciness of the style strongly indicate the reflective temperament of the thoughtful and gifted author. His residence amid the scenes and associations of Oriental life seems to have quickened and intensified the instinctive love for the dramatic grandeur of Biblical imagery, and to have stimulated and fostered that fertility of imagination which enables him to clothe his ideas in such graphic and picturesque language. He is happily free from all hackneyed conventionalisms both of thought and expression, and has the enviable art of clothing his ideas with well-selected words.'

In 1862, my father projected a mission to the low castes along the banks of the

Godavery, and himself visited the neighbourhood with the Rev. George Fryar. By piecing together the various papers he has left about this trip, I have been able to let him tell the story in his own words. The start was made from Rajahmundry, where the Government engineer was very kind to the two missionaries.

## CHAPTER IV

### A TRIP UP THE GODAVERY

THE Government engineer kindly placed at our disposal a small steamer, the *Little Nell*, and we prepared for our trip up the Godavery river. We took the precaution of having in tow a smaller boat, which had been fitted up for us in the engineer's workshop, for in March the stream is only navigable for steamers about thirty miles. Having heard of the matchless scenery that awaited us at the gorge of the river, we were so pre-occupied by the anticipation of it that many of the beauties of the lower Godavery escaped us. For the first few miles after leaving Rajahmundry, the river (in this neighbourhood about two miles broad), is dotted over with small islands. These are composed of silt washed down by the river. The natives sow them with long grass, which, as it grows up,



arrests the deposits of the river and extends the area of these little spots of land. The soil is perfectly adapted to the cultivation of tobacco, which is grown in immense quantities. The banks of the lower Godavery are studded with villages; some of these look very charming as they peep at you from beneath the tamarind- and mango-trees, whose branches bend down to conceal them. We paddled on until sunset, and found ourselves at the foot of Davapattnam, where we anchored for the night. Here the river began to narrow; the hills rose up before us, their lofty outline being sharply defined in the clear evening sky; and we seemed to be at the entrance of a great spectacle. Davapattnam is about twenty-five miles from Rajahmundry. The village is perched upon a very high bank. We climbed up and examined it with some minuteness, supposing it to be a specimen of the Godavery villages. It was composed of perhaps forty houses, all neatly built of bamboo. The people make almost every article they need of the bamboo, which is by far the most valuable growth of their forests and jungles.

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Not only poles, masts, water-pipes, and implements of that kind into which the bamboo naturally grows, and the use for which is immediately suggested, but the people slit the smaller stems of the plant into strips and weave them into mats, baskets, and even sails for their boats. The walls and roofs of the houses are very ingeniously put together. There are upright timbers made of whole bamboos, and between them, laid very close together in trellis or lattice work, are the split stems, the whole forming a strong, light structure. We found the headman of Davapattnam, and had some talk with him about the population and condition of the village. We asked whether they had a school; and the man laughed at what he considered a joke. Never a book nor an alphabetical character had found its way to Davapattnam. Government had a police station in the village, and a Government servant might be able to read, 'but,' said the man, 'as for us who belong here, we have never seen a book.'

'Then, how,' I replied, 'do you bring up your children?'

‘They want no other instruction,’ he rejoined, ‘than how to take care of cattle.’

We had not as yet penetrated the Kōi district. These villagers were Telugu Hindus. They were better clad than their aboriginal brethren, but their ignorance was as gross, their moral condition as low as anything we saw among the primitive tribes of the upper Godavery.

We resumed our voyage the following morning at daybreak. We had now entered upon a very singular formation of country, as any one may suspect who looks at the map. The banks of the river consist of alluvial deposits, after which we pass into ranges of volcanic hills. A narrow fissure between these hills where they have been rent by volcanic violence forms what is called the gorge of the river, and through this valley the river winds, displaying pictures of scenery that no description can sketch. As the freshes were not down, the current was hardly perceptible, and the floor of the water was as smooth as glass; and here and there, where the sun could find his way between the hills, the stream became a track of light. The

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mountains that seemed to close in upon us looked down from a height of two thousand feet ; and they were so distinctly reflected beneath the mirror upon which we were moving, that we saw their counterparts many fathoms down, without the loss of a tree or shrub ; nay, every tint was there. A very slight illusion might have convinced us that we were hanging in air instead of sailing on water, and that another earth lay beneath us, as fair in sky and landscape as our own. The course of the river through the gorge winds in and out like the folds of a snake. You can only see it a few yards ahead ; you are always locked up amongst the hills, and ever making for some landing-place which you never reach. You seem bewitched in the toils of some fairy lake that deceives you by changing the features of its coast at every moment. The eye is very quick at gathering up the beauties of scenery, and is not soon perplexed or fatigued by a rapid succession of novelties. But here Nature fairly beat us. Before we could admire one prospect, a bend of the stream unrolled another spectacle of beauty, which, in its turn, vanished into some

other wonder; and the mind was kept in a continual state of bewildering, yet happy, surprise. Having threaded the gorge and got into broader water, we were hardly prepared to notice beauties of milder shape, and so we steamed on to Ippore, our next anchorage. My account of Davapattnam will correctly enough describe Ippore. Here the bed of the river was cut up into sandbanks, and there being no sufficient draught for the steamer, we were obliged to abandon the *Little Nell* and do the rest of our water trip in the paddle-boat.

The Godavery paddle-boat is a very ugly piece of naval architecture. It is not unlike a canal barge in outline. There are three compartments: the cabin, which is at the bow; the middle, where the coolies turn the paddles; and the servants' quarter in the stern. Some of these boats are fitted up with the nicest attention to comfort, and although they have no pretensions to neatness of build they are admirably suited to river transit. Getting into our paddle-boat, we began to take notice of the eight men who had been with some difficulty engaged to work it. We saw at a

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glance that they were not Hindus. The cheek-bone was higher, the eye smaller and brighter, and the whole expression nearer the surface than what we observe in the features of the Brahminical race. These men were Reddies, one of the aboriginal tribes of the valley, and we studied them with curious interest, for they were the particular objects of our search.

The aborigines of India have qualities of character that bring them into remarkable contrast with Hindus and Mohammedans, and that make them more accessible than these are to the Christian faith. They are honest, obliging, ingenuous, and content. They live under no priesthood, they support no religious endowments, they have no *caste*. The soul of the Hindu is a dungeon, and the Brahmin is the turnkey: he stands at the door of the cell to forbid communication with the prisoner. But the aboriginal is abroad. When you meet him in the Godavery, he welcomes you to his village, invites you to his hut; bed and board are yours. He fears the curse of no Brahmin, the censure of no society, the downfall of no religion. In a

Hindu town every house is virtually closed against you, in an aboriginal village every door is thrown wide open. In a Hindu town there is a temple and idols of immemorial name, sanctified in the traditions and memories of the people; there are priests to give life to these symbols by artfully constructed ceremonies. In an aboriginal town you have no temple, no sacred books, no priest—I mean no endowed priest. There are those who conduct the simple rites of their worship. But these have neither learning nor jealousy to make them formidable. In a Hindu town we have often to risk our lives for one convert. But when the missionary has gone among these simple aborigines, he has been listened to with curious interest, and hundreds have pressed forward to accept the yoke of the Saviour. There are perhaps millions of these non-caste people in India who have never seen a white man's face, who have never seen a book, who have never heard of God, who want simply to be preached to, to have the way shown to them: and it is time for the Church to look after a field so prepared, so

## A TRIP UP THE GODAVERY 75

white unto the harvest. It was to establish a mission among such that I was sent up the Godavery.

But to return to our journey. We paddled along with our aboriginal boatmen until we arrived at Rudrumcotta. Here we found a company of Madras Sepoys, sappers, who had been sent up to assist in the construction of a breakwater ; for the river, as it passes Rudrumcotta, has a considerable fall, and during the floods a dangerous rapid. The officer in command very kindly entertained us for two days. His camp stood on the top of a hill where a spot of ground had been reclaimed from the jungle. We were surrounded by tigers and hyenas. But armed soldiers paraded in front of our tent, and we lay down without fear. There was another enemy more to be dreaded than either ; for the ravages of sickness are not uncommon in these parts, and the white thick mist that sat upon the hills to our right, penetrating all things, seemed to be an incarnation of fever. Having purchased a few fowls and some rice, and borrowed a loaf and a little sugar from our host, we got a relay of boatmen and



moved on. The stream had now become so shallow and choked up with sandbanks, ever shifting, that in some places the men exchanged paddles for ropes, and pulled us along; and we crept at a snail's pace through the narrow channels that we here and there found by little slopes in the bed of the river. We paid our men and spoke to them kindly, and managed, by hard pushing, to spend the Sabbath in Ryegoodium, a large and beautiful Hyderabad village. We visited it with unusual curiosity, because it was the first village in the Nizam's territory we had seen. As we entered it we could have imagined we were approaching some old English manor. The ground, trees, and shrubs were, I presume, innocent of all art, and yet in their situation and arrangement I could imagine the relics of taste. The village itself was closely built: the streets were narrow, and here also the bamboo did service for everything. The people dealt chiefly in grain and cattle. We got under way at daybreak the next morning, and sighted Badrachellum about midday. Here ended our boat trip. The river became impassable, for at Badrachellum begins the

first barrier. But, although during the last day or two the shallowness of the water had made our progress slow and laborious, the river, even in this state, had too many beauties to allow of any tedium or weariness. Sometimes we were attracted by the singular rafts, upon which the natives float down their merchandise, especially their timber. The jungles of these districts are very rich in a valuable species of teak. The tree has a small girth, but the grain is close and exquisitely embellished, not unlike rosewood, and capable of as fine a polish. Another of the capital sights of the river just below Badrachellum is the immense quantity of birds that fish there. They crowded both air and water ; flocks of ducks and teal, solitary and watchful cranes, troops of fish hawks and buzzards, they all find amusement and prey in the Godavery. The river abounds in fish, for superstition forbids both line and net to ensnare the tenants of so holy a stream. Badrachellum, at the foot of which we now drew up our boat, is by far the most celebrated town in this district. The virtues of the great river are all collected in the

neighbourhood of Badrachellum. It stands on the left bank of the river, on a knoll about one hundred feet high ; the temple, an old structure, very dirty and very sacred, looked out upon us from the brow of the hill. By the help of an old Brahmin, who was sought for the occasion because he understood Tamil, I was enabled to hold a conversation with the people who stood by. From Bedrachellum we proceeded to Dummagudeum, where we spent six days making many preparations for the remainder of the journey. We stated our errand to the Christian friends at Dummagudeum, and they gave us the right hand of fellowship, and offered fervent prayer with us for the success of our undertaking. We found here a clergyman belonging to the Church Missionary Society, Mr. Edmunds.<sup>1</sup> He had been sent up a year and a half before on a similar mission to our own. Here he had fixed his head quarters. We laid our plans together and proposed that his Society should work on the river from Chintoor down to the Sebberry River, and that we should push from Chintoor to Sironcha. I rejoice

<sup>1</sup> Now Canon Edmunds of Exeter Cathedral.

that Missionary Societies can thus lay out their ground together, not only without jealousy, but in the fellowship of hearts, in unity of purpose and of mutual help. It would be fatal to mission work in India if the natives, whom we are sent there to convert to the Christian faith, should observe any marked symbols of division.

The state of the river at Dummagudeum forbidding at this season any navigation, we were obliged to continue our way through the jungle. We chose the left bank, although a route unknown to Europeans, because the ground was British. There were no roads, and the jungle in some places would be almost impassable. We must depend for supplies on the aboriginal villages. We had heard of wild beasts, of epidemic fevers, and of small-pox, the ravages of which are proverbial on the Godavery, but our Dummagudeum friends cheered us on ; the Government officers lent us ponies for our baggage and a tent for our little camp. The two ladies at the station made us bread-cakes, and gave us tea and sugar, and on an evening I shall not soon forget, we parted from them and plunged into the jungle.

It would\* take me too long to describe the events of the next eleven days, during which we made seventy miles—that is, up to the second barrier where, the jungle becoming altogether impassable, we had to cross to the other bank. I am happy to say that we were not destroyed by tigers or killed by sunstroke. We had one case of sickness—my horse had eaten something that disagreed with him, and had a severe bilious attack. We suffered chiefly from the hot winds. There were occasional fits of hunger when our supplies were low ; but this, instead of depressing us, gave a zest to the journey. The villagers were naturally shy at first, but when we camped amongst them their curiosity overcame all fear, and men thronged about us, and women and children stole out to look at the two white faces. They offered us food and shelter, supplied us with meal, and fetched water for us, and sometimes refused our money. Would Christians have done more for us? Would they have done as much? We saw no temples, no priests ; we marvelled at the absence of deceit, cupidity, and cruelty. They were doubtless there in some form or

other, but we saw them not, and, in any case, they presented no such obstacles to Christianity as we are familiar with in Southern India. We picked up one or two interesting particulars respecting the superstitions and manners of the Koīs. In a conversation with two of these natives, they told us that their tribes worshipped no images. They believed there was a Great Power over them, and at certain seasons they performed a ceremony of praise or of propitiation. To this Power they invariably offered the first-fruits of their produce. We gathered from them, moreover, that each Koī village is governed by a patriarch, whose office is hereditary. With regard to their domestic life, the Koī is allowed to marry three wives if he can get them ; but they do not care to push this privilege too far, thinking that one wife brings care and trouble enough for an ordinary mortal to bear. Their wealth consists chiefly of horned cattle ; but they also carry on a trade in charcoal, rafters, twine, and axes. Lying and theft are rare crimes amongst them, and are punished severely. One other feature of their life I must not

forget to mention. They migrate from place to place. The reason for this is to be found in the unsettled character of the Nizam's government. His Highness's country is overrun with freebooters, especially those provinces that are remote from the capital. Until these parts of the Godavery were ceded to us, these bushranging gentry, the descendants, I imagine, of disbanded cavalry regiments, known under the name of Rohillas, were wont to make an occasional descent upon aboriginal villages, carry off their flocks and herds, and sometimes their children. The British Government is putting a stop to this, and the people are beginning to realize a safety which their late ruler could never guarantee to them.

Our friends at Dummagudeum hardly hoped that we should get as far up as Sironcha, and they could not tell what reception the Deputy Commissioner would give us. But we committed our anxieties to the Lord, in whose hands are the hearts of all. We found the Commissioner absent, but Dr. Cameron, the medical officer, gave us the hospitality of an English gentleman. I confess he seemed

surprised that any mission church should think of so out-of-the-way a place as Sironcha; but he believed that the Commissioner, so far from objecting to the establishment of a mission to the aboriginal tribes of the district, would promote it. As we talked over the scheme, he grew quite warm on the subject, sketched a plan of Sironcha, and dotted down as many as seventy villages which he had himself visited. He pointed out a spot eligible for mission premises, which he thought the Government would give us. Thus far encouraged, we measured our ground and thought our mission commenced.

NOTE.—At this point my father's manuscript ends rather abruptly, and there is no need to try and trace the return journey of our travellers to Madras. The land so successfully spied out was not taken possession of immediately—indeed, the scheme was abandoned owing to lack of funds, but the Wesleyan Missionary Society has now a Hyderabad mission, which is working towards Sironcha.



## CHAPTER V

### HOME CIRCUITS

He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,  
Allured to brighter worlds and led the way.  
*Goldsmith.*

**I**N 1863 my father found that unless he was to become a chronic invalid for life he must give up India. Australia, too, had failed to restore Mrs. Jenkins' health, and there was nothing for it but to come home and seek an English circuit. The wrench of leaving work in which he had been engaged so long and so successfully was very great. Of the farewell meetings at Black Town he says, 'On February 8 I preached my farewell sermon from the text, "Stand fast in the Lord, my dearly beloved." Many went away, not being able to get room. All the week following I was working day and night closing my preparations. Wednesday evening had

been appointed for a tea-meeting to give me an opportunity of seeing the friends and receiving an address. A large number met us at tea, among whom was Clarence Roberts, who was to preside at the meeting. After tea we adjourned to the chapel, and when Roberts had addressed the meeting, there were, I should think, two hundred and upward present. After an address had been read, a young man, in the name of his classmates, read another address, and presented an inkstand. These young men were members of a Bible-class in the establishment of which I had taken some interest. I then delivered, at some length, an extempore reply. Of course the whole talk was about poor me, and a good deal of untruth was told willingly, warmly, and unconsciously by the friends. It was very gratifying to see so much kindness.' The journal adds that he was nearly worn out with farewells when he got on board the *Nemesis*, bound for Melbourne. The voyage was not without excitement. Off the coast of Ceylon the ship struck on a rock, and in an instant everything was in confusion. The time of the accident was eleven o'clock

at night. My father, realizing what had occurred, sprang out of bed, put on a couple of garments, snatched up his writing-case, and made for the deck. The scene which there met his eyes he thus describes : ' Ladies in their nightdresses ran hither and thither screaming. Stewards and stewardesses, officers and men, rushed about shouting orders and directions. I made my way on deck. All had rushed up, each having something to save, some a child, some a portmanteau. The night was dark, the shore a mile and a half away, but none knew but what we might be sinking. The utter helplessness of all of us struck me most forcibly. I could only pray silently and wait. The behaviour of the officers was excellent. There was no confusion amongst them. They backed the vessel into deep water, and we were safe from immediate danger. Next day the ship managed to creep into Galle.' Had a big sea been on at the time the *Nemesis* must have gone to the bottom. As it was, she was so badly damaged that another vessel had to be sent for to convey the Australian mails and passengers to Melbourne.

At Melbourne my father met his wife, and they remained in Australia for nine months, where he preached and lectured on behalf of Madras and the projected mission at Sironcha. He had conceived the idea that God had led Englishmen to colonize Australia for the purpose of planting a Christian people in the neighbourhood of India, China, and Japan, so that, as the Australian Colonies grew and prospered, *they* might undertake the greatest share of the work of evangelizing the East.

‘If this other half of the world,’ he told a Melbourne audience, ‘containing nearly two-thirds of the human race, is to be discipled to Christ, and if the means of conversion be in this case the preaching of the gospel, and the effusion of the Holy Spirit attendant thereupon, Australia must gird herself for the largest share of the work. All objections that may be offered on the ground of pre-occupation with interests that sufficiently tax the attention and resources of the colonies do not touch my position; I am not affirming what you may now attempt, but what you must hereafter do. I will not presume to foretell the political destiny of these colonies;

but history cannot furnish us with the origin of a country more strikingly marked by the finger of God than the birth of Australia. Why was this soil so many ages silent as to what lay beneath it? It was waiting until God should bid it speak. While China and Japan were closed against the gospel, while the Hindus were groaning under the yoke of the East India Company, while voyaging was long and hazardous, Australia, by God's command, kept her finger on her lips ; there lay the reefs and alluvial deposits of Victoria, not hiding their wealth in mines, but pushing up their gold to the surface to knock at the passengers' feet ; there slept the treasures of Bathurst and Otago, surpassing the dreams of avarice : the mighty gold, the tyrannic idol of the world, the magician whose spells, if God were not to interfere, would make the world a puppet show, was as innocent of enchantment and power as if he had been a stone statue. He lay there the passive agent of prophecy. "Thus saith the Lord, For brass I will bring gold, and for iron I will bring silver, and for wood brass, and for stones iron."

‘ But when the gates of the Eastern nations

were thrown open and the cry of millions on this side of the globe, from India and China, a cry for deliverance from the long captivity of superstition and the long oppression of despotism, reached the ear and touched the sympathies of the West ; and when statesmen, philanthropists, and the leaders of Churches were wondering what these changes in the East portended, and how the emancipation they called for could be effected, the God of nations spoke to England suddenly and decisively through the discovery of gold, and one hundred thousand Englishmen heard the command, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house into a land that I will show thee ; and I will make thee a great nation, and I will bless thee and make thy name great, and thou shalt be a blessing." And they departed, as the Lord had spoken unto them. They did not all understand or acknowledge that they were drawn hither by the voice of the Lord. But what if some did not believe? Shall their unbelief make the promise of God of none effect? God forbid ! Thousands of God-fearing families, children of the Abrahamic

covenant, brought that promise with them. They landed upon these strange shores, they built altars to the Lord and gathered round them, and the bush was vocal to the new melodies of Christian worship; families were knit into societies, and societies grew up into churches. And while I look with admiration and wonder at the wealth, the intelligence, the sinew, and the massive proportions of the colonies, I believe it is the salt of Christian life, killing all tendencies to decay and quickening all tendencies to progress, that will make you and keep you a great people. And as sure as the Bible is with you, as sure as its doctrines of universal love are the themes of your ministers and the cement of your churches and the daily lesson of your children, so surely will you regard your own greatness as an elevation heavenward, whose stepping-stones shall invite and help the grovelling tribes of India and China to climb to God. They will go up upon your institutions, upon faith in Jesus Christ, upon the acknowledgement of common rights, upon the recognition of woman's equality, upon those humane and philanthropic efforts for young and old which

are the buttresses of a Christian nation. What a glory for Australia to be followed by the strange and long forgotten millions of the East amongst whom she has been so singularly and providentially neighboured ; and, when she has conducted them to the summit of faith and liberty, to deliver her charge to the Father of Nations, "Here am I, and the children whom Thou hast given me !"'

My father's addresses and lectures in Australia produced a great impression among the Colonial Methodist Churches, and an address which was presented to him on his departure stated amongst other things that the effect of his public ministrations had been to excite in the minds of the people, and especially of the young men, a noble ambition of self-improvement, a craving after a higher intellectual and moral culture, and a deeper acquaintance with divine things. 'In this way your influence on our churches will be felt when you are far removed from us, your thoughts will still live, your memory excite, and your example bless. May the good you have done us be recompensed to you a



thousandfold! May you realize in your own soul the truth of our Saviour's beautiful saying, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Voyages formed so large a part of my father's life that it would be tedious to notice every one. Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins landed in England in 1865,<sup>1</sup> and he was appointed by the Conference of that year Superintendent of the Hackney Circuit. Now at last his old ambition was realized. He had a chance to make his name in a first-rate London circuit. In Madras he had been regarded as a pulpit orator of the first rank; would a London circuit hold the same opinion? The issue was not long in doubt. My father's style and delivery would have won him fame and success anywhere. Even his mannerisms endeared him to the people. The nervous tremor of the lips before he began, the familiar little pauses while he hesitated before hitting the exact word he wanted, the thin, soft voice with which he always commenced—all these characteristics were noted and

<sup>1</sup> He had been elected a member of the Legal Hundred in 1864.

remembered by people who sat under him. No Methodist minister of his time preached in quite his style. He stood alone in the extreme care with which he selected his words and phrases. The more cultured section of his congregations listened with gratified ears as time after time they heard him choose the exact word which had the requisite shade of meaning faithfully to express the preacher's thought. In his sermons there are no meaningless sentences, no padding, very little repetition ; hence he was a preacher who had to be followed with extreme care and attention. Yet even the illiterate enjoyed what sometimes they could not quite understand, feeling that what ought to be said was being said in the best possible way.

Missionary deputation work naturally occupied a good proportion of his time. He had an exciting story to tell and knew how to tell it, and Exeter Hall rang with his accounts of the conversion of Viziarangum and the Godavery expedition. From Hackney my father went to Brixton Hill, where one of the greatest sorrows of his life came upon him in

the death of his faithful wife, on April 27, 1869. For over eighteen years she had been his right hand, assisting him in all his work, and bringing to bear upon his multitudinous duties her business gifts and genius for order and detail, supplying, as he himself said, those qualities which he lacked. Ill health had interfered with their life together in India, and though she rallied a little in England, she was never well. Almost her last words expressed sorrow that she would never be able to work again for Jesus Christ on earth. 'Perfect through suffering' her husband put on her tombstone, and this sentence seems to have truthfully summed up her life. This great bereavement completely prostrated my father, and he would have been unable to continue his work in the circuit but for the love and sympathy shown to him by members of his congregation, who did all that humanly could be done to comfort their bereaved superintendent. It would not be far from the truth to say that my father never got over his great loss. During his last year on earth, when his niece who nursed him brought to him his wife's writing-desk, containing some of her

letters, and asked what should be done with it, he said, 'Take it away! I cannot bear to look at it. It revives memories.'

Without his wife to assist him, my father found it doubly hard to attend to the business side of circuit work and yet find time to visit his people and prepare for the pulpit. Addressing a ministers' meeting on 'Ministerial Difficulties' he said, 'There is a difficulty peculiar to Methodist preachers, that of arbitrating between interfering claims of ministerial duties. It is true that a man ought so to dispose of his opportunities and strength that the claims of his engagements shall never jostle each other. But the fact is that our circuit and connexional work, other than that which relates to pure ministerial labour, has so increased during the last twenty years that, unless we live in the habitual neglect of accepted obligations, we who are in circuit work have not time for that patient and progressive study of the Word of God and of ourselves, without which the most attractive talents will not continue to go with their possessor into the pulpit. No ambassador of Christ ought to be compelled by the

secularities of his Church to confess, "I have no time to make new preparations for preaching, I have no time for that prolonged seclusion with God by which alone the mysteries of His word can be mastered and the grace of utterance be received to dispense them, I have no time for a thorough pastoral visitation of my people." The serious disadvantage of this state of things is the loss of power to make the best of such leisure as we may chance to have. The ability to appropriate casual opportunities at a moment's notice is the result of early and very accomplished training, and is possessed by few men. If we knew the loss sustained by Methodism through this diversion of the time and energy of her preachers into channels that lead them away from the cultivation of their ministerial gifts, and the spiritual oversight of their people, we should have the clue that would explain at once the alleged disproportion in London itself, to go no farther than our own field, between the apparent supply of ministerial force and the net result of ministerial labour.'

In October, 1869, the Rev. Henry J. Foster was appointed to the circuit. Relating his

experiences in a letter to me, Mr. Foster says—

‘I shall never forget my early days under Dr. Jenkins, when he was at Clyde House in Brixton, and I was at Lower Norwood. I had come from a quiet country town, in whose pulpits I had occasionally seen and heard him from afar as one of the younger local preachers, who could have no near approach or intercourse with him even of the most casual kind. The ministers of our circuit were good men, who led us to Christ, but his preaching was a thing apart to us, and his visits were great occasions. When I was called to the Brixton Hill circuit, and had to report myself at Clyde House, his welcome was full of all the wisdom and kindness you who knew him would expect. I was entirely inexperienced in the administration of our church system. I do not think that I had ever met a class even on a chance occasion. I needed all his kind encouragement in our weekly preachers’ meetings to bridge over the gap between being simply a local preacher at home and being pastor of Upper and Lower Norwood. And he was

kind. If he heard any pleasant thing said about my preaching he would tell me, and from being an outsider in my home circuit to being a member of the Brixton Hill preachers' meeting was in itself a bracing and heartening privilege. I saw a larger Methodist world than I had ever known before. I have often been thankful for the wisdom of the appointments he gave me on my first Sunday. At home I had never taken a service in the circuit chapel except on an afternoon when I had a trial sermon for full plan. He put me into Brixton Hill on my first Sunday, before I had time to get frightened at my new conditions. And to be associated with him and his fine staff of colleagues put me on my mettle as a preacher. I had only a year with him then, but his affection never let me go. I saw him for a few minutes at the Sheffield Conference in 1904. He was moving about from friend to friend in great weakness of body, but as alert as ever in mind. Mrs. Foster said to him as we came up, 'Do you know who this is?' He looked at me, and said with a gleam of fun in his look, 'Yes, I know him.'

And after a characteristic pause he added, 'And I love him.' Those last words of my Superintendent's regard for his junior of years gone by I shall always count one of the honours of my ministerial life.'

My father's next circuit was Southport, the well-known seaside town in Lancashire. At that time (1870) it was a very much smaller place than it is at the present day, but Methodistically quite as important, and one of the best, if not the best, circuit in the Wesleyan Connexion. Amongst the laymen prominent in the town were Dr. Peter Wood of Woodbank, and Mr. John Fernley, of Clairville, his brother-in-law. The fame of my father's Madras sermons had preceded him, so he was welcomed in his new circuit by men who expected great things from his preaching.

It was a lonely removal from Brixton Hill. It made him feel keenly again the death of his wife, and for the first six months of his stay in Southport he suffered from bad health and depression of spirits.

Dr. Wood and his family, however, who lived almost next door to the minister's



house, soon made him feel that he was amongst friends, and this friendship ripened into something closer when, the following year, Mr. Jenkins became engaged to one of Dr. Wood's daughters. The marriage took place on October 19, 1871, and the event is thus recorded in the journal. 'I have married Margaret Heald Wood, daughter of Dr. Wood, of this place. I believe I was led to this step by the Providence which has guided all my life. I could not have chosen a wife whose qualities in every respect would be more suitable to my tastes, requirements, and position. By God's mercy, whom I cannot sufficiently thank, we are very happy. I hope more usefulness is before me, before us both.'

The life of a superintendent minister, though second to none in importance, does not lend itself to biographical treatment, and it would be tedious to follow my father through all his circuit labours. Three events, however, must be noted before I close this chapter, and I will take them in the order in which they occurred. The first is his visit to America. This he undertook in order to

speaking at the Evangelical Alliance Convention of 1873. Its chief interest consists in the distinguished men he met and heard. In a letter to my mother, he says, 'In the afternoon we set out for Concord, a small town twenty miles from Boston, to attend the inauguration of a public library at which Emerson was to speak. Emerson and Longfellow live about there. I was delighted with all that I saw, and especially with the great man whose books I had read many years before. I was introduced to him, and to Mr. Sumner, the Congress statesman and orator.'

Writing to the same a few weeks later from New York, he says, 'Heard this afternoon two remarkable deliverances on "The Pulpit of the Age" by Dr. Parker of London and Mr. Ward Beecher. Parker was very effective, but Beecher made the occasion a memorable one. He is the prince of American orators, and outside our own parliament he is perhaps the greatest speaker I ever heard. Rather stout, with a big head, he possesses a voice that fills every nook of any building, as penetrating in its lower notes as in its higher.

Great tenderness and breadth of sympathy characterized his address, which was most fertile in imagery, convulsing the audience at will with laughter or pathos. I think I never heard any speaker with equal power, certainly not with greater power.'

*To the same.*

'WASHINGTON,

'October 14, 1873.

'Just a word to save the mail. The delegates started yesterday morning for Washington *via* Philadelphia, where we slept. Damp sheets and poor beds. We arrived here this morning, and were presented to President Grant. I was fortunately in a good position, standing close by him, a short broad-set man, verging on forty. A bull head and shoulders of all-supporting squareness and power. A few of us were presented by name, the rest passed and shook hands. We are a dreadful crowd. Delegates to the Evangelical Alliance are selfish beings. Every man for himself.'

One sentence in another letter is worth preserving in the light of future events. 'I have been obliged,' he writes, 'to disclaim an

academic distinction, several having addressed me "Doctor"! So you see what you have to expect—Dr. Ebenezer Jenkins! Renounce me immediately if I return so dubbed.'

By the end of November my father was in England again.

The second event is one over which I would far rather draw the veil of silence, but as it necessarily changed the whole future course of my father's life it must be recorded here. My mother, though many years younger than my father, was not a strong woman, and she died rather suddenly on March 7, 1875, a week after the writer of these memoirs was born. To a man of my father's temperament a second bereavement of this nature was nothing short of a tragedy. He was a man who had a horror of revealing his emotions, and in face of sorrow would always try and talk of something else, but in his private journal I find this short entry. 'Precious angel! lent to me for awhile—would I had improved spiritually while the union lasted. Her beautiful fellowship! None can tell the completeness of my desolation.'

In the summer of this year he went to a

Convention<sup>\*</sup> held at Brighton by Moody and Sankey, and this is the third of the events I referred to. The result of this Convention was a permanent deepening of his spiritual life and a deepened sympathy with conventions and mission speakers. Moody's power astonished him, and over and over again he referred to it in after life. He also acquired a love of Sankey's hymns which he never lost. This was remarkable, as he was rather a severe critic of hymns and not at all inclined to tolerate either doggerel or nonsense, but I never heard him breathe a word against Sankey's hymn-book. The inferior ones he ignored ; but those that were better hymns, especially his favourite, 'I need Thee every hour,' 'With harps and with viols,' 'Is it well with my soul,' he was never tired of singing. When we were little children, he always made us sing Sankey's hymns after dinner on Sunday. He liked one of us to sing the solo, and then the rest of the family circle to join in the chorus.

The great interest and help he so freely gave to the Southport Convention in later years ought, I think, to be attributed to the

blessing he received at Brighton, which undoubtedly marked an epoch in his religious life.

In the autumn of the same year he set out again for the East, and in the next chapter will be found his own account of the tour.

## CHAPTER VI

### A JOURNEY TO THE EAST, 1875-6

THE Conference has appointed me to visit our Indian Missions and to report thereupon ; but as our ship goes to China and Japan, I take the opportunity of going to those countries, and to China especially, to inspect our work there. I believe much is expected in England from this visit, and I sometimes feel anxious as to my power to discharge the duties of the undertaking. A good deal of preparatory work is needed, and the voyage ought to enable me to get through that. But I must be diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord only.

I left London on October 7, and we are now steaming out of Malta harbour. There are six children on board and a crew of forty. We have one or two Christian people, but for the most part there is a solid amount of

religious ignorance, and there appears to be gross insensibility. I preached twice last Sunday, but as yet have got no hold on any one. I feel that I am culpably neglectful of duty. How gladly would I answer and pray with inquirers! but to go to people and talk to them about Christ is hard to me, and it ought to be easy; it ought to be a passion, especially since the Lord has recently done so much for my own soul. I have been trying to bear witness for Jesus, but it is miserably poor testifying. May the Holy Spirit stir me up!

*October 23.*—We arrived at Port Said yesterday noon, one hour sooner than we expected. We found the little settlement here all astir, for the Prince of Wales was expected in the evening. Port Said is like a young township. It has all grown up within the last two or three years, and will become a very important town. At present it is a collection of Greek, French, and Italian shops and *cafés*, ship chandlers' stores and merchants' offices. There is an Arab village within a short distance, and crowds of Arabs wandering over the town. Many are occupied with the



boating that plies between the ships and the shore. The son of the Pasha of Egypt arrived about three in the afternoon to meet the Prince and take him to Cairo. We remained at Port Said all last night, and entered the canal at daylight this morning. We thought of going on without interruption, when lo! the Prince arrived, and after we had got on about thirteen miles we received orders to get into a siding to let the Prince go by. We saw him pass in the royal yacht, escorted by the royal Turkish yacht. Instead of going after him, we had to wait for two other boats coming from Suez. So we are detained all night at Cantra, and have lost a day.

*Sunday.*—Left Cantra at daybreak and have come on to Ismalia ; here we have been for the last two or three hours, and how much longer we are to be here I know not. We shall not reach Suez to-night, that appears certain. Our morning service on deck is just concluded. I preached on ‘Abide with us, for it is toward evening.’ Spoke with tolerable freedom, but to ears not very quick of hearing, I am afraid. I shall hope to have

another service this evening, and perhaps one in the afternoon for the men. The cold indifference of the people in regard to religious matters shocks me. I would almost rather preach to Hindus.

*Evening.*—Anchoring in what is called the Bitter Lake. Preached this afternoon to the men on ‘Come unto Me, all ye that are weary,’ &c. Preached also this evening to the passengers on deck. The captain had lights hung about, making a pretty scene. I spoke with some freedom on ‘Why art thou cast down?’ To-night the passengers are catching mullet, of which there is an abundance here. I am thankful to have had three services.

*October 26.*—We are now out of the fork of the Red Sea and are fairly in the sea itself, going over smooth water with great rapidity. Some little disturbance among the passengers. I feel how much depends upon the wisdom of my conduct. May I never forget that I am the Lord’s servant; and that in no moment can I be separated from the Lord’s work; that that work consists, not in the performance of certain duties, but in living

with incessant and equal dedication to His glory.

The weather is splendid, the sea very quiet ; but the fervent sun in the day and the heavy dews at night make some of our hours very trying. It is difficult to sleep in our night temperature.

*October 28.*—Last night was very hot, and it was difficult to get rest and sleep. I kept up my reading without interruption, and my writing too. I was not so much in prayer as I ought to be ; for indeed I should be in the spirit of that duty constantly. When I do draw nigh to the Heavenly throne I know I am accepted. But it has seemed to me as if there were a region somewhere in my mental world under the sway of unbelief—like a reserve of country unreclaimed. I have been led to ask earnestly that if there be such a spot, *that* may also be possessed by my Heavenly King. I give it to Him ; I resist not His appropriation of it by a single personal consideration. Lord, let Thy reign bring everything into subjection ; let me think of this text, 2 Cor. x. 5, ‘Bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ.’

## A JOURNEY TO THE EAST 111

*October 29.*—Last evening conducted service on deck. The captain had it lighted up. I preached from Matt. xviii. 20, 'Where two or three are gathered together in My name.' The captain and chief officer were present, and most of the passengers. I tried to speak plainly, but to myself there did not appear to be much power. I want to feel that these souls are given to me for the time, and that for their instruction during this time I am responsible.

The sea is getting up, for there is a brisk wind, and it is just ahead of us blowing from the south. It always blows in this direction in the lower half of the Red Sea. The wind, however, is too sultry to be refreshing. Read Tamil to-day. I am rather surprised that it comes back to me so readily.

*November 1.*—We have passed Aden, and are now in the Gulf of Aden. I suppose this strong head wind will continue until we get through the gulf. Fair winds we can expect no more, the monsoon being against us. Our hope is in light winds and calms.

*November 3.*—We were at the north of Socotra this morning, and passed it about

eleven o'clock. The weather is fine, but since leaving the Arabian Gulf there has been an unpleasant roll of the ship. We must get used to this, for we shall have it more or less all the way.

*November 5.*—The weather since the last entry has been very variable, wind shifting about; rain sometimes falling down in torrents; the sea having an unpleasant swell. Yesterday evening preached on deck, on 'I will pray the Father, and He will give you another Comforter.' I was led to choose this subject from a conversation I had had with one of the passengers who doubted the personality of the Holy Ghost. I hope I did some good, although if I were to judge from the listless manner of my hearers I might hesitate to believe it; certainly the preaching on board is very discouraging. We hope to be off Galle on the tenth.

*November 11.*—In sight of Galle about dinner-time. We passed the harbour within three miles. I saw the Bellows Rock, upon which I was nearly wrecked when I last visited Galle. Very hot weather, cannot escape it. The sea is smooth, with a south

Indian Ocean swell. Not much wind. Those passengers have rather a heavy time who have no regular work to do. The steamer is going very badly, owing to bad coal and dirty funnels. The latter evil we shall be able to mend at Penang, the former at Singapore.

*November* 16.—Saw land on the evening of the fourteenth, and in a little while the islands which are to the north-west of Sumatra opened out, and when we got within the shelter of Sumatra the swell of the Indian Ocean ceased to trouble us. Yesterday we went past Sumatra direct for the Malay peninsula, upon the western side of which lies the island of Penang. We arrived at this island about two o'clock to-day, and are now unloading. The voice of the coolies is musical to me. Many of the men know Tamil: our pilot was born on an old missionary station of mine, Madras. They seemed pleased to find an Englishman who could speak their language.

Penang is an island about twelve miles by six in extent. It is very beautiful. I went ashore this afternoon and drove about five

miles into the country — excellent roads, houses for the most part all the way, at a good distance from each other, for every large house is in a compound, some belonging to European residents, some inhabited by East Indians, others by Hindus, others by Chinese. I was not prepared to find six Hindus to every Chinaman. Thus nearly all the coloured people are natives of the Madras presidency, and chiefly from Negapatam, Nagore, and adjacent villages of Southern India. The coolies are Indian, the sailors and boating men are Malays. The natives are clean and well-to-do. I did not meet with one beggar, a very extraordinary thing in an Eastern settlement. The high land is covered with beautiful shrubs ; the level parts do not seem to be carefully cultivated, but showed great richness of fertility. The tamarind-tree and various specimens of the palm lined the roads. It was intensely hot, but everything looked green and fresh in a thousand hues of verdure. The *trade* of Penang is entirely in the hands of Chinese. Diligence and, generally, cleanliness and sharp intelligence and well-to-do respectability were

the features that struck me in the Chinese bazaars and shops. I saw no lounging, no idle gossiping, no sauntering about in angles of streets, nobody seemed to have time to look at you, as if a strong tide of business had set in and was carrying everybody with it.

*November 24.*—This is Wednesday. I spent Saturday, Sunday, and Monday in Singapore; it also is an island surrounded by charming scenery. The harbour suggested that of Sydney, by the number of its islands. Singapore is much larger than Penang, much wealthier, and there are more Europeans. I was sorry to find it full of small public-houses, spirit-shops kept by Chinese (!), who get some English name to put over them and paint it on a signboard. One had got up 'Prince of Wales' Hotel'! Here again the bazaar and market trade is in the hands of the Chinese. The Malays and the Tamils are nowhere by them. I should think, from inquiries, there are in Singapore seventy thousand Chinamen. There is no missionary labouring for them, except, perhaps, the Roman. The London



Missionary Society had a cause here, but they gave it up for China some time ago. One of the days I spent there was Sunday. I consented, upon the invitation of Mr. Young, the present minister, and Dr. Little, the chief elder, to preach in the Presbyterian Church in the morning; a fair church and a fair congregation. I visited the Bible Dépôt and had a conversation in Tamil with Tychichus, an evangelist who has a little Tamil church here. My Tamil comes back to me readily enough. I went also to see a great Chinese festival. The procession was very brilliant. All the Chinese turned out. They seemed to walk by trades and districts. The dresses of many of them were very striking—silks of such colour I had never seen. Each procession was headed by two men with gongs, then the people walked after or rode in sets, all dressed alike. Almost every one, even little children, had blue eye-preservers. Young Chinese ladies were there. They rode on ponies or were carried on platforms raised high above the heads of the people. From the great beauty of many of them, I fancy they must have been hired for display.

I should have supposed otherwise, but many Chinese children are exquisitely beautiful in symmetry of feature and in complexion. They are always on special occasions gracefully dressed. We took in thirty Chinese passengers at Singapore, and here they are, poor fellows, on deck. They have made a home for themselves, beneath which they eat, drink, smoke opium, play at cards, and sleep. Some of them are very respectable men, carrying with them all the signs of social rank and wealth. I wish I could talk with them ; but the Chinese language is a barrier I cannot overleap. I have been shocked to witness their opium habits. Opium is the scourge of China ; far worse than the hard drinking of the English. You cannot use opium in quantities ever so small without injury both to mind and body. The opium smoker is like a walking corpse. The fumes of this fatal drug will conquer and emasculate the strongest brain, and yet *we*, a Christian nation, supply it to the Chinese ! Our Indian Government derives a revenue from it of between eight and nine millions sterling. The opium prepared for the pipe the Chinese

carry in a neat wooden box about four times the size of a lady's thimble, and the same shape, with a cover fitted on it. It is then of the consistency of treacle, and very like it. They put a couple of drops into the pipe and then fire it, and draw two or three inspirations and the pipe is over. Then, after a bit, they have another, and so on.

*November 27.*—After some days' rough weather it is fine to-day, wonderfully fine for this time of year; the captain is very much surprised. I am very thankful for it. If this weather continues we shall get into Hong Kong on Tuesday, which will be a very good passage.

*November 29.*—Calm still continues. The captain cannot make it out, but we are going on well. I preached yesterday in the morning from the unbelief of Thomas; in the evening from Ps. ciii. 1-5. I think the evening service was more effective than the morning, and I trust it was profitable.

*December 1. China.*—Anchored at Hong Kong last evening. It is a dismal day; nothing can be seen but rain, nothing can be heard but wind. Fortunate indeed have we

been in getting into harbour so soon. It is possible that the day, as it advances, may clear up ; if not, we shall be dreary indeed. Some of our passengers have gone ashore ; I suppose the rest will get away before evening. The babel was remarkable while our Chinese passengers were debarking. I have been interested in studying Chinese faces and Chinese ways according to the opportunities afforded me by daily intercourse with these men, and am anxious to visit Chinese towns and traverse Chinese rivers. We have plenty of boats about us. The Chinese boatmen are as much at home on the water as are fish within the water.

*December 2.*—Left Hong Kong for Canton this morning. The boat that carried us is one of that class of large river boats first in use in America. We had a pleasant trip out of the harbour and through that curious system of waters that lies between Hong Kong and Canton. We saw hundreds of islands winding all about them until we came to the Bogue at the entrance of the river, about three hours' steaming from Canton. We breakfasted and lunched on board.

Charges immoderate ; six shillings for breakfast and six shillings for lunch. We arrived at Canton about half-past two. The river was crowded with boats. The boats are worked by a man and his family. We stepped into one and rowed to Mr. Piercy's house ; found Mrs. Piercy, the children, Miss Taylor of Birmingham, Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead, and Mrs. Masters. Nothing could exceed the kindness of my reception. They sent out invitations to the various mission families in the city to meet me at tea, and to spend the evening. About twenty of us were gathered together. After tea we had singing and prayer, and I gave them an address. They wished me to tell them what I knew of Moody and Sankey, and their work. So I told them in brief the story of their labours, and gave also some account of the Brighton Convention. There were missionaries present belonging to the principal Missionary Societies in England and America. It was announced that I would preach the next evening in a room where English services are held in Canton.

*December 4.*—Yesterday I had a hard day,

beginning at nine in the morning and keeping it up till past twelve at night. We spent six or seven hours visiting chapels and schools. The city surpassed my expectations. It is very large; the city wall is six miles round, bounded by the river, and there is on the other side an immense suburb—a kind of Southwark to the south of the Thames. There are about one million of inhabitants in it. The streets are very narrow, from nine to twelve feet wide, and all of them paved mostly with blocks of granite. The houses over the shops are very high, not unlike the streets of old Cairo. The crowded traffic of Canton makes it difficult to thread your way through these streets.

I preached last evening to a nice company. How different from the ship-board congregation, where there was no appreciation and no sympathy! I am now on board the return boat, and am steaming for Hong Kong; probably shall have to preach in Dr. Legge's chapel to-morrow, but am not certain, for our ship may go off. There are American travellers here. They are very pleasant. One lady sewed a couple of buttons on my

gloves. I having only one button, and she having none, she cut off one from her boot and sewed it on, which I took to be exceedingly kind.

*December 6.*—On board again, and now pursuing our way to Japan. On Sunday I preached in Dr. Legge's church from 'Abide with us, for it is toward evening,' and in the afternoon went to hear Dr. Entil conduct a native service. About one hundred and twenty Chinese men and women were present. After the sermon there was a sacramental service. All the natives remained to partake. I gave the address, a Chinese missionary interpreting for me. In the evening I returned to the ship, thankful to God for my first Hong Kong and Canton visit. I fancy our Chinese work is suffering from two causes—inadequate manning of the stations and the want of a fixed policy in carrying on the work. India and China are the only Pagan lands where Christianity has to contend with compact nations and empires as distinct from *tribes*. If there is a nation in Africa it has yet to be discovered. There is no Pagan nation in America. There are remains of

civilized people in South America, but these can hardly be counted now. In selecting mission ground we do not sufficiently bear this in mind. It is of no use sending two or three men to India and China to bury them in isolated stations. You must mass your forces and have at least the outlines of a system of church work. How remarkable that these two solitary Pagan empires should contain half the population of the world!

*Japan, December 19.*—Anchored off Yokohama on the fourteenth, and have spent the intervening days in visiting the churches and schools of Yokohama and Yeddo. I preached this morning in the Union Church, a small building, but a good congregation were got together, and were very attentive while I preached on 'The Lord thinketh upon me.' Most of the missionaries and their families were present. I had a pretty good time. This evening I preached to certain Japanese who understand English; we held the service in Mr. Cochrane's house. There were several friends gathered for the service besides the natives. We had a pleasant and, I hope, profitable time.



*December 20-25.*—We have been to see Lady Parkes, the wife of the Consul, who expressed a desire to see me. They live in a very beautiful house. Sir Harry is away. He has been in the East thirty-five years, most of the time in China. No man has done so much to unite us with Japan as Sir Harry Parkes. The Japanese excite in us unusual interest, partly because a very ancient people, after ages of impenetrable seclusion, have come out to see the world and to fall in with the procession of its march, and partly because, by the wonderful rapidity of their steps, they have distanced other nations that were in the race long before they were. The most noteworthy feature in the sudden rise of this singular people is their ambition to emulate the civilization of European states. They appear to imagine that the great engines of civilization are three, a perfect army, a perfect navy, and a perfect merchandise; and I am afraid, to the shame of the West be it spoken, that their European masters have not gone far beyond this idea. From France they are learning to fight on land; from England they are learning to

fight on the sea ; from America they are learning industry, and to buy and sell with profit. But it is gratifying to know that if there are colleges to teach the use of the sword and the gun, there are schools to teach that wisdom is better than weapons of war. The education movement in Japan is earnest, enlightened, and universal. It is not a party agitation, depending upon men who happen now to be in power ; it carries out the will of the people. There is a party opposed to it—the priests of the superstitions of Japan. But Buddhism and Shintoism sit very lightly upon the popular mind, and scarcely touch the leading spirits of the country. The Japanese statesmen only pay court to the ancient faiths when the ceremonial or the holiday does not impede the business and ambition of politics ; but if a doctrine, however sacred, or a usage however venerable, obtrudes itself upon the new path of progress, it is treated like a dog upon the race-course, shot down, or kicked out of the way. The best illustration of the spirit in which the people are moving on to overtake the West is furnished by the Imperial University of Tokio. In the

establishment of this institution they have set aside their national traditions, they have forgotten their hatred of the foreigner, they have become deaf to the pleadings and threats of their priests, and have declared in favour of Western learning. Ambitious to become a great people, they have invited those studies which make a people great. The University grew out of an institution which was called the Institute of Western Knowledge. It was opened for instruction in 1857, under an eminent Japanese principal. The only foreign language at first taught was the Dutch, but English and French were added at an early period. In 1863 departments of instruction in mathematics and chemistry were created. That year four students were sent from the institution to foreign countries, two to Russia, and two to England. The first foreign teacher was employed in 1866. During the revolution of 1868 the school was closed, but was re-opened before the end of the year. In 1872 the University received a visit from the Mikado, and this visit introduced a new era in the progress of education in Japan. Courses of study were projected in

engineering, Polytechnic science, mining, &c., and new buildings were erected for the advanced departments, and they were opened by the Emperor. From this time the advanced departments alone constituted the University, and the old buildings continued to be occupied by more elementary classes.

*Christmas Day.*—We are in the Inland Sea. We entered it at five this morning. It is now a little past two in the afternoon. We are still within it. But there is just a little sameness in the scenery, and I have come in to write down what I have seen to-day. How shall I attempt it? First, we have a glorious day; clear, calm, and smooth, the best that could have been selected to display the unexampled beauties of this part of the world. Then we have a ship very high out of the water, and therefore giving a commanding view; and thirdly, not the least advantage is a kind, communicative captain and obliging officers. When we entered the straits leading to the sea, it was too early for us to be up, so we missed some very pretty scenery. Having passed a broad basin surrounded by mountain land, the sides grew close up, and

the islands opened out. They are nearly all conical, as if the earth by a volcanic force had shot up its cones. Some are mere rocks, rising a hundred feet from the sea and a mile in circumference, other islands several miles round. Nearly all have verdure on their sides, although at this season of the year the foliage is scant. Almost every considerable island has a village population. There are two routes through the sea—one northerly, running through thick groups of islands, the other taking the more open waters of the Bingo Nada; the currents for the time determine the course. We took the upper course. The navigation of this route is perilously intricate, but the scenery is more picturesque; the islands lie close together, you command a better view of their features and situation, and the villages at the base of the hills are larger and wealthier. Instead of a few scattered fishing-huts, you have regularly built towns. Nothing can exceed the neatness and beauty of these island villages, a portion of them devoted to fishing, other parts divided off into farms. They cultivate the slopes, making them into steps,

every step running back into a field for the produce of wheat and other grain, so that the hills look terraced with verdure. Plots of ground for vegetables skirted some of the houses. There was an air of competency and comfort about them. As the ship wound in and out among the islands, we seemed in the still water to be fixed and they to be moving ; the near islands floating by us to permit us to see others a little more remote, and these again more slowly retiring to disclose vistas of islands in the distance as far as eye could see, with their respective bays and creeks and straits, while the very background of all rose up with lofty snowclad mountains. We were really spellbound as we stood upon the deck ; we could not look away for a moment without a loss. The cemeteries on the hill-sides looked very touching, where—

The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

Here and there was a footpath leading up through the brushwood to some loftier cleft, and following it with the eye we were arrested by a clump of evergreens, out of which peeped a simple Shinto temple. Shintoism is the

original religion of the Japanese, and although it has been largely displaced by Buddhism in the wealthier provinces of Japan, it holds its own among the simple village people. Here we saw a lighthouse built of white stone, a blessing of the new civilization, there an old castle, probably the seat of some Japanese noble. We were, of course, going west, and as the day faded there was an illusion in front of us equally curious and splendid. The islands seemed lifted up into the air, the setting light below them, insufferably bright but colourless, while above and around them there was a gorgeous display of colouring spreading out from the crimson sun into all the hues and tints of heaven. It was a scene that one is almost ashamed to attempt to sketch in language. The lingering of it was grand even to the fading away of the last ray. The shadows hung upon it like a recent memory of departed glory. So ended the light of this Christmas Day, to be followed by an event which must dim the brightness of all our future days. We dined late ; they had placed over us the flags of our respective nations, and had otherwise decorated our

Christmas festival. We talked of the glory of the day, and how favoured we had been in having such perfect weather, and drank the captain's health.

About an hour and a half after dinner a Japanese war steamer, the *Osaka*, came in sight. She was a gun-boat of three hundred and twenty-five tons burden, and carried six guns. She was freighted with powder and shell, and had ninety souls on board all told, among whom were a good many passengers, including several women and children, all Japanese. The night was rather dark, and when we saw her mast light we thought she was a junk ; but she turned to cross our bows, and then her green light came out, and the captain saw she was a steamer. He stopped his ship, backed her, and ported her helm, which made her go a little off, and we hoped she would have cleared us, but we struck her on the quarter, cleaving her nearly midships. I was not on deck at the time, but the shock of the collision brought me up in a moment, and there she was hanging upon us. In another minute she was off, her stern very low in the water ; but her



engine was going, and she moved away. I thought at first that she was running for the nearest island, Hegum Sima, which lay about three miles off; but she had not gone above a few yards, while you might count thirty, before she began to settle down stern first. The wild wailing of the poor creatures on board I shall never cease to hear. I turned my eyes away for a second, heard the dreadful submerging, looked again, and saw nothing but the white phosphorescent foam spreading over the surface of the water into which she had gone down. There was a pause, and then the air was again rent with the cry of the few who came up. Some had been saved by laying hold of ropes which we threw over the bow while the two vessels were locked; two of their boats were meanwhile filled; and our own boats arrived on the scene to pick up those who were still buffeting the water for life; but I am afraid few of them were saved. The purser rescued two; and, feeling with his hand in the dark as he pushed his boat through some floating débris, he touched a body which had got entangled with a piece of the wreck and drew it into the boat. It

was the corpse of a young Japanese lady, who must have been killed when the *Osaka* heeled over. Her father was on board, and was among the saved! He found his poor daughter, and yet had lost her. Several women and three children were among the survivors. Sixty-six were saved out of ninety.

*January 2.*—I have been in Nagasaki since Friday, inspecting the Government schools, &c.

Between the passing away of the old year and the birth of the new I reviewed the past, with feelings only to be known by Him who searches the heart. I solemnly dedicated myself afresh to God, and interceded for my children, all my relatives, and most of my near friends by *name*. To-day I have attended three services: Firstly, the English service of the Church of England and the Sacrament. The entire service was very profitable. To me it was most precious to join in the confessions, prayers, and anthems of the Liturgy; recent events had prepared me to appreciate their value. I felt the presence of Christ throughout. The sermon was on a passage out of Deuteronomy, 'Thou shalt remember

all the way the Lord,' &c. It might have been selected to suit me. I afterwards went and lunched with the clergyman. Secondly, in the afternoon I attended a Japanese service at Mr. Davison's house ; but few were present. I spoke and he translated, and a convert prayed. The singing was lively. Thirdly, from the afternoon service I went to Mr. Stout's house, whose native service I had arranged to attend. After some pleasant talk we went to the chapel. I was interested in the congregation. There must have been sixty persons present, fifty of whom were not connected with the church, but came in casually and remained to the end. About one-fourth were women, and this was a most pleasing feature of the congregation. Mr. Davison opened the service with singing and prayer, then two Japanese preachers addressed the congregation, both from the same text by previous arrangement, 'Christ loved the Church and gave Himself for it.' They made up the sermon between them. The first who spoke, and who announced the text, had never addressed a congregation in a set service before. He appeared to do very well. The

second is Mr. Stout's right-hand man—a fine young fellow. I felt, and feel, much very encouraged.

*January 30.*—We are now drawing near Hong Kong. So far the passage has been on the whole pleasant. Last night was extremely trying; the vessel rolled dreadfully all night and more or less so to-day—just now we are getting on a little more smoothly. I preached this morning to the passengers and some of the officers. Spoiled the sermon and I am afraid made it ineffectual by not throwing myself into the subject and dealing earnestly with it. I am ashamed to have done so badly. May the Lord Jesus, whom I endeavoured to preach, pardon His guilty servant and help me in the next effort I may make. I part with my servant Bang, the Chinese boy. He has been with me five weeks, and has behaved on the whole pretty well. I feel condemned that I have not taken the opportunity of preaching to him except by my conduct and habits. I heard indirectly that this had had some little effect. I must give him a parting word.

The mail steamer leaves Hong Kong on

Thursday at noon, and I must go by her to reach Madras by February 22.

*India, February 28.* — We arrived in Bombay a week ago. I landed at eight and drove to the Adelphi Hotel—a miserable place, though considered one of the best in Bombay. Here I remained until two and then went to the railway station to take my passage to Madras, which cost me altogether nearly one hundred rupees. We started at half-past two, and reached Madras the third day at half-past six in the morning. The journey was very trying. The heat of Wednesday was almost intolerable. There were on the Madras platform to meet me Gillings, Evans, Hobday, Somo Coopoosamy Joel, and others. When we got to the house, Gillings told me there had been a telegram from Calcutta containing bad news for me—dear Mrs. Wood's serious illness. I immediately telegraphed to Woodbank to inquire about it, and the answer came the next morning early to say that she had died on the 24th, that is the day of my arrival in Madras. I shall never on earth see a woman of equal worth. The affliction to myself is unspeakable; it

must be inconceivable at Woodbank. Poor Doctor! I telegraphed again my sympathy and prayer, and wrote him by Saturday's mail.

I am in the old Mission House at Royapettah, and on that side of it which I always occupied. Preached last evening a mission sermon in Black Town; a very crowded congregation—many old friends present, most old friends gone. *Text*, 'The Lord thinketh upon me.' I heard Joel in the morning in Royapettah.

*March 8.*—This evening is appointed for the ordination of the brethren Boulter and Nicholson. They met the Chairman and me at five for private examination. Mr. Nicholson asked questions about those who are perfected in love confessing sin; I endeavoured to reconcile these two states, showing that a man may enjoy complete salvation and yet confess his sins, the blemishes and faults which cleave to him daily and must be daily washed away. He said his difficulty had been met. We then went to chapel. A large congregation was waiting for us. Mr. Gillings asked the questions, and I delivered the

charge. We had a solemn and profitable service.

*March 16.*—Had an interesting meeting with the caste girls of the three schools—about one hundred and twenty were present. We heard them read and examined them. I spoke to them of the love of Christ to myself and what He had been and was still to me. They listened with great interest, and one of them, at the request of Mr. Gillings, repeated the substance of what I had said.

*March 17.*—Having engaged to deliver an address to the senior classes of our High School, I went to the Institution this morning and found about one hundred gathered to hear. I spoke to them of the anomalous position of the educated Hindu. I pressed upon them the courage necessary to avow their opinions—not to shrink from the confession of what they knew to be the truth. I preached Christ to them; but, as I afterwards thought, very ineffectively. It is blessed work to speak to educated Hindu males and females. Leave for Trichinopoly to-morrow.

*March 27.*—I had a long talk this morning

with Gooroswamy, a caste convert from the Mannargudi School, who was brought to Christ when I was in India last. The story of his life since then is full of interest. He was converted in the beginning, and then fell from grace—became little better than an atheist ; yet retained his membership, and was even made a leader, and kept up the form of godliness, imagining that he was as good as other Christians around him, of whom he had the poorest opinion, because he was persuaded some of them were living in open sin. This state of things continued until last year, when an English evangelist, Mr. Douglas, visited Trichinopoly. Under the preaching of this clergyman he became deeply convinced of sin, and once more found the Lord. He is now full of zeal, and, I hope, of the Holy Ghost. He is narrow, impulsive, harsh, and uncharitable ; but, so at least it seems to me, these faults are the result of the suddenness and power of this change. He remembers the lying life from which he has just been awakened, and he fears that most other professing Christians are living a similar life. He is very unpopular on this station, and I



don't wonder at it. But I have great hopes of his becoming a power for good.

*March 28.*—This evening we went to Warriore and conducted a service for the Hindu. A pretty good gathering. We began by singing a native lyric in the native style. Then two native Christians prayed; then, after another hymn, Gooroswamy addressed the people from St. John iii. 16. He made very little of the text, but then he had had little time for preparation. The best part of the sermon was a narrative of his own conversion, which was effective. If he were taught I am persuaded he would make a preacher, and a good one. After he had preached I made him translate, and addressed the people on the love of God, which, strangely enough, he had left out in his treatment of the text. The people were very attentive. When the service was over, the young men and boys who belong to the Warriore School presented me with an address drawn up in a complimentary style, to which I replied, and then they put garlands of flowers around our necks.

*March 29.*—Left Trichy this morning for

Mannargudi, my old station. It is exactly thirty years this month and about this date that I first entered Mannargudi. My mind was filled with stirring memories. Everything was distinctly recalled. What a change had passed upon me—what changes all around me! We drove through the town. There was the grand temple dedicated to Rajah Gopaul, and, as this is the great festival of the year, there was the car decorated and ready to be drawn round. How vividly the past came back to me! We drove up to the house, and instead of the old bungalows there was a new building, but still on the same spot, and the old arrangement had been preserved of having two bungalows which should answer the purpose of one, connected by an open passage. Mannargudi is a little cooler than Trichy—but both are horrible at this time of the year. Have done nothing to-day but lie about and grumble. Have seen one or two people who were here thirty years ago, notably Pechi the gardener, and Arokeum, both grown to be very elderly men. My Tamil is coming back very fast. I can almost say anything now.

*March 31.*—Attended a service for the heathen in Rajah Street Chapel. It was very interesting, and a good number of Brahmins were present. The service commenced at seven with lights—a capital time for such an occasion. After singing a native hymn, Mr. Fryar read the third chapter of John. The Catechist spoke on the New Birth. Then a young convert, once a Mannargudi Brahmin, spoke with earnestness and vigour and boldness, giving an account of his conversion. It was a memorable sight to see this young Brahmin urging his fellows to accept Christ. Then I came on—referred to my residence in the town thirty years ago and to Mr. Cryer. I gave a description of his character, and of his last illness and death. The attention was breathless as I went over the qualities for which he was remarkable, and how, though his voice has been silenced, the voice of the Word cannot be silenced.

*Madras, April 27.*—This evening we had a meeting on Christian holiness. Two hundred sat down to tea. We then adjourned to the chapel. After singing, 'All things are

possible,' and prayer, I gave a little exposition on the words, 'Then will I sprinkle clean water,' &c. I gave some account of my own experience, and others followed; some fifteen testimonies were given. We sang in between the addresses, 'Jesus paid it all,' 'I am coming to the cross,' 'Lord, I hear of showers of blessing,' and 'There is a fountain.' There was a blessed influence resting, I think, upon most, perhaps upon all. God grant that its fruits may be lasting! It is the first meeting of the kind they have ever had in Black Town. I am very tired, but the Lord gives strength according to my day. Blessed be His Name!

*May 5.*—The Khedive came in this morning, and passengers are to be on board before noon, the time of starting. I am nearly worn out with work.

NOTE.—The journal of the voyage home does not contain anything suitable for publication. My father arrived in England about the end of June, after a short stay in Italy.

## CHAPTER VII

### PRESIDENT OF THE CONFERENCE

I say the pulpit (in the sober use  
Of its legitimate peculiar powers)  
Must stand acknowledged, while the world shall  
stand,  
The most important and effectual guard,  
Support and ornament of Virtue's cause.

COWPER.

**I**N giving an account of his tour to the Conference of 1876, Mr. Jenkins concluded with these words, 'The eyes of the East are fastened upon us as they are not upon any other European nation. Explain it as you will, they have a reverence for the institutions and literature of England which the position of no other nation inspires. We can do them more good and more harm than any other people. They are prouder of our applause and more in dread of our resentment; they are eager to be considered the

copyists of England, and even quote against us our own vices to justify their immorality. Notwithstanding what I have said about it, it may surprise you that I should include China in this description of the attitude of the East towards this country ; but, in spite of the provoking temper of the Chinese Government, in spite of that repugnance to the foreigner which the people take no pains to conceal, there is no country in the world which gives the bad people in China so much uneasiness, and the liberal and thoughtful people so much hope, as England. They have been studying us for many years with a shrewdness which does not err in the long run ; they have compared us with other nations, and especially with the great country whose territory touches their own ; they know, none better, in what estimation we are held in Europe and in India, and we are slowly and irresistibly gaining an ascendancy in the court, in the merchandise, and in the schools of China, which even Russia cannot pretend to rival.

‘I say the nations of the East, China, Japan, India, are looking upon us expecting

to receive something of us. They are eager for silver and gold, but the treasures of merchandise will never set these crippled nations upon their feet, they are asking for culture, but mere culture can only take and lay them at the *gate* of the Temple which is called *Beautiful*. Let us, not one missionary church, Peter and John, but all missionary churches, let us, with a bold faith, in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, take them by the right hand and lift them up; and immediately their feet and ankle bones shall receive strength; and, leaping up, they shall stand and enter with us into the Temple, walking and leaping and praising God.'

After such distinguished services to the cause of missions, both on the field and on the platform, the Mission House seemed the fitting reward of his labours. The members of the committee, however, brought forward three other names for the coming vacancy. 'The Committee of Consultation,' writes my father, 'has decided to recommend for the Secretariat one of the three following, M. Osborn, Walton, and Kilner. I think I

understand it all. If my name has been canvassed and rumour has been busy in placing it with others, I can only say *I* have had nothing to do with it. It has arisen from Arthur, Perks, and Boyce urging me to permit myself to be put in nomination. In any case I have earnestly asked the Lord to save me from a feeling of disappointment, of jealousy, of impatience.' As a matter of fact, things turned out differently, for the Conference elected Mr. Jenkins by a large majority.

For the next eleven years (1877-1888) he shared with his colleagues at the Mission House the responsibilities and cares of an administration having charge of missions not only in the East, but in many other parts of the world. His gifts were not of an administrative order, nor was he 'secretarial' in his cast of mind, but he brought to his new duties something which was perhaps even more valuable, a rare power of carrying missionary advocacy to its loftiest heights. This gave him exceptional influence throughout Methodism as the representative of the missionary cause.



He now went to live with his family at Blackheath. I can only remember those days from a nursery point of view. My father used to come upstairs in the evening and tell us the most wonderful jungle tales. The hero of them was a boy called Crib, who was stolen out of a Hindu village by a tiger. The said tiger had pity on the baby boy, and brought him up with her own cubs. After that his adventures were never-ending, especially when he formed a friendship with an English boy called Charlie. Another set of his stories centred round an old witch called Mrs. Moggridge. He told me afterwards that this wonderful character was drawn from life, but I could never discover her real name. Then there came a year when the stories ceased, when we waited for him in vain. We were told that he had been made President of the Conference.

The Conference of 1880 met in Wesley's Chapel, City Road, and at once proceeded to the election of the President. Mr. Jenkins received two hundred and eighty-one votes, Charles Garrett being second with fifty-four. He welcomed his elevation not only as a

personal gratification and honour, but also as a tribute paid by the Church to its foreign work. His address delivered after his election to the chair revealed the aims and ideals which he determined to set before himself. It also revealed one of the chief characteristics of his religious views, his unbounded faith in the old Methodism. A strong Liberal in politics, he was very conservative Methodistically, and looked upon changes in Conference and in the Church at large with suspicion and dislike. He was always afraid of the political Nonconformist; he feared lest Methodism should make the salvation of souls her second business instead of her first. He had studied unbelief in all its phases; he knew intimately its subtleties and dangers — he therefore neither despised it, nor treated harshly or narrow-mindedly those who fell under its sway. But though no man was more tolerant or more sympathetic when dealing with an individual intellect, he feared lest the Church might prematurely adopt some of the advanced opinions of the day, and he kept urging and enforcing the doctrine that Methodism must keep to the old paths.

With these views in his mind the newly elected President arose to address the Conference. Having referred to the weight of responsibility which he felt in undertaking a post of such supreme importance, he added—

‘I think that one of the chief difficulties of to-day is to guard the development of progress—to prevent it from running into changes which will make Methodism something else—an institution radically different from that which was bequeathed to us by our fathers. And herein, and lying close by the side of it, is a danger which I must point out—the danger which threatens us in the disposition to shrink from change, from facing it and assimilating it when it is inevitable, *i.e.* when it is the organic issue of progress. And another danger which is apt to conceal itself from us now, since we are all engaged in building up and perfecting the structure of the Connexion, is the danger of losing sight of the spirit and work of primitive Methodism. I hesitate not to say that if our system will not admit of the freest evangelical action—if it so hedge up our way as to impede a direct access to the masses—to the forgotten,

the outcasts, the neglected of our great cities and towns, ay, and of our villages also, then either we are building unwisely, or, with the old designation of Methodism upon us, we are becoming something else, and allowing other people to do Methodist work for us. I have heard it affirmed (I have seen it in print) that we are abdicating the position that was the glory of John Wesley's first preachers and societies, and that others are taking the crown from us. The only way by which we can effectually dispose of that misstatement is by making every agency we have soul-reaching and soul-saving. I maintain that we are as truly called of God to-day to lead back to Christ the outcasts of our population, and we might be as effectually furnished for that work, as the first Methodists. You see how our danger has arisen, brethren. Our progress has been upward. The Societies which we collected together, and which, by the multiplying power of the Divine Word, have been accumulating from generation to generation—these Societies have by their conversion attained to a status in society which is very improving. They come into the region of

new wants and new claims, and some of them touch the scale of affluence, and they come to you and ask you to provide for themselves and for their families an intellectual and spiritual nurture; and can you dispute the justness of their demand? No, brethren, we must provide for the ultimate social and religious needs of every class of Methodist people; and herein is the danger of being so absorbed in the labour of consolidating our Institutions as to have but little scope and energy left for the pure and primitive work of Methodism, and thereby losing something of that spirit which carried our fathers irresistibly, not to those who needed them, but to those who needed them most. There are Christian people who are doing this work, and I pray God to prosper every instrument which attempts to save a soul from death. But this is our work, and I am jealous to-day for the supreme vocation of Methodism. Our doctrines and our very mode of preaching them—if we follow the best models—our glorious hymns, our traditions, our unrivalled system of lay agency and our class-meetings, which are much applauded outside the Church,

and are not going to die inside the Church,—these are the credentials which make us, I think, worthy to be accepted and considered as the great converting body among the churches. May we never lose that position !'

This speech was received by Conference with great applause, and clearly showed the President's sympathy with the 'forward movement,' of which Mr. Hugh Price Hughes was the directing and guiding spirit. Although he by no means agreed with all Mr. Hughes' views, he admired and loved him for his truly Methodist fire and enthusiasm. Indeed, both men realized fully that, whatever other Churches might do or not do, *Methodism* must be aggressive, and must not be allowed to sink into a middle-class respectability ignoring the social and religious needs of the masses.

In a complimentary article on the new President, the *Methodist Recorder* ended by saying, 'It would not be impartial in us if we did not refer to one doubt somewhat sedulously propagated concerning our President. It refers to an absence of what is called a gift for business. The accusation

may be true or false. We do not care to enter into a question which is not of the first importance. It is sufficient to remind our readers that the President of the Conference is not chosen to sit at a desk, compile a schedule, or preside at a committee; and further, that men with a business gift being sufficiently numerous and sufficiently willing to render help, we need indulge in no anxiety as to a President, who, having almost every other gift, may be slightly deficient in that one.' There is no doubt that my father was not a good business man. He never gave much attention to business matters, and even the financial side of housekeeping caused him worry and irritation. Preaching and pleading for Missions were his two duties, and anything which distracted his mind from them was a thorn in the flesh, to be borne quietly, but to be got rid of as quickly as possible.

The President's official sermon was preached in City Road Chapel on Sunday morning, August 2. The text was taken from Heb. iv. 14, 'Seeing then that we have a great High-Priest, that is passed into the

heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession.' 'Brethren,' said the preacher, 'it is time to speak out ; it is better for all, even at the risk of disturbing cherished associations, to look steadily at the issue to which the acceptance of modern Rationalism would bring us. It asks us to surrender nothing ; by accepting it we surrender everything. If Christianity has no historical basis, our profession is a dream. If Christ be not risen, there is no Christ, there is no Bible, there is no resurrection ; our preaching is vain, your faith is vain ; they which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished. In speaking thus, we do not think lightly of the argument of Christian character ; we esteem the life of Jesus, as depicted in the Gospels, a priceless boon to the world and an indispensable evidence of the divinity of our religion ; but when you make it unhistorical you take from it the secret of its power, you strip from it at once its claims upon the credence, the homage, and the respect of mankind ; you forget that the force you ascribe to it is born of its historical authority. Whatever good has been done in and through



the Name of Jesus since that name was first known has been done solely through the belief that it was a real name, that it represented an historic person, and an honest, matter-of-fact history. Herein is the cardinal distinction between Christianity and the faiths of paganism. These are cunningly devised fables; an idol is nothing in the world; but our God is in the heavens. Remove this distinction, and Christianity is paganism. The fact is not altered in the slightest degree by the superiority of our faith in every possible quality of advantage if it have not the foundation of truth; and to distinguish ourselves from idolaters, and our religion from superstition is an intolerable conceit.

‘If we ponder this deeply it may move us for our own sake, and for the sake of our children, in view of the glory of our maligned Master, and of the world which He has redeemed, to tighten our grasp upon the profession of His name.’

The rush of engagements which a Wesleyan President has somehow to keep nearly overwhelmed my father. He was an old hand at

travelling, and the incessant journeys did not trouble him so much as they do others, but the perpetual preaching and speaking were very trying to a minister who never did either without feeling nervous. I once asked him if he was generally nervous when going up the pulpit stairs. 'Not generally, but *always*,' was the reply. Like all Presidents, the encouragement and advice he received was of a mixed character. One example of each must suffice. 'I preached last night from "Bringing every thought into captivity," &c., a new sermon on the old text. I preached with some freedom. A gentleman came to me and asked whether I had chosen the subject recently. "Why do you ask me?" said I. "Well," said he, "I was so impressed by the necessity of such a subject, because of certain young men here in whom I am interested, that I thought of writing to you to ask whether you could preach with reference to it. I prayed about it, and now you have given just the sermon which I wanted these young men to hear, and they were there to-night." He was overwhelmed with thankfulness, so I trust some good was done.'

‘I had a letter from Bournemouth this morning, of which the following is a copy: “You are not preaching in the power the Apostles received in the upper room at Jerusalem. Your counsel is that of Ahithophel, and the Lord will confound you for your folly! Obedient faith would have led you into the fulness that is in Christ. Get into the dust and cry for mercy! (Isa. lii. 11).”’

The saddest event of Mr. Jenkins’ presidential year was the death of Dr. Punshon. I can remember as a small boy hearing of the great man who had passed away, and the surprise and consternation of my father on receiving the sad news. The two men had much in common, especially in the great attention and importance which they attached to preaching. ‘What young men do you know who are making any mark as preachers?’ was a question constantly asked by Dr. Punshon; and my father could neither understand nor sympathize with a minister who busied himself with any duties, however important, to the detriment of his preaching powers. Some of the remarks which he made at his friend’s graveside would apply equally

well to himself—‘The gifts which I have mentioned make the orator ; or, if education and opportunity concur, the statesman ; or, if tastes and the success of earlier attempts determine it, the poet. William Morley Punshon selected none of these professions ; he was led by the Star of Providence to the place where the young Child lay, and brought the tribute of his life, the gold, the frankincense, and myrrh of his genius, and placed them at the feet of Jesus. The calling of a Methodist preacher was the first and last distinction of his life ; he aspired to no loftier place on earth than the Methodist pulpit, and it soon became apparent that God had raised up a messenger to the churches endowed with exceptional gifts. He knew there was no royal road to pulpit power ; he knew that, being called into the ministry, the pulpit was the central position of his calling, and not a stepping-stone to something else. He was sometimes found elsewhere, but he brought with him the inspiration of the preacher, and rendered eloquent service out of the pulpit in the cause of the pulpit.’

In 1884 the Conference again requested

Mr. Jenkins to visit the East and report on the work there. With some hesitation, and a good deal of misgiving, he accepted this duty. The task was a heavy one for a man of sixty-five years of age, who had been delicate all his life, and he had grave doubts whether he would ever live to come home again. The best account of this expedition, which was really a journey round the world, is given in his letters, which I have strung together in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER VIII

### A JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD, 1884-5

‘And some days after Paul said unto Barnabas, Let us go again and visit our brethren in every city where we have preached the word of the Lord, and see how they do.’—ACTS.

S. S. *CARDIGANSHIRE*, *October 17*, 1884.—This is Friday evening; we have therefore been steaming three days, and are now in the middle of the Bay of Biscay. The weather has been unusually fine. Last night as we entered the Bay a fog came down, or came up, and we had to proceed cautiously, and lost some miles. There is now little or no wind; but the swell makes the ship to roll unpleasantly from side to side. When this swell subsides we shall all be well. I was sick last night and moderately unhappy, and have not as yet felt quite at home. Mr. Barber<sup>1</sup> has been, and is still, poorly. A

<sup>1</sup> The Head Master of the Leys.

gentleman is *ill*. The lady who has three children is poorly and busy. The eldest child is three ! The remaining lady, who has also a baby, comes not forth from her retreat. Still, on the whole, we are a decent lot of passengers. The officers also promise well. We have four pets : a dog, a parrot, and two cats. We have also a number of sparrows, which, finding that nobody hurts them, are as tame as chickens. One was playing with the dog (a puppy) at hide-and-seek this morning. I do not as yet take to the meals. But the most trying of my crosses is the crying of the children. This is nearly incessant. Poor Mrs. Thompson with her three babes is having what she would call an awful time. Her father and mother are Methodists. The father, a local preacher, came to wish her good-bye—knew me very well and had heard all about my present mission.

*Sunday, October 19.*—We have had lovely weather since Friday. To-day has been royal in the glory of sunshine and in Sabbath repose. I preached this morning. Mr. Barber read prayers. We tried to get the sailors to come, but they are shy as yet. Our singing

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was good, because we have a Mr. Broad on board, who has been solo singer in a cathedral. He leads us. We ventured to chant the *Te Deum*. To have a quiet service on our first Sunday is not a common privilege. Our evening service begins presently. Mr. Barber will preach. We have been running close to the Portuguese coast all day. We passed a lighthouse at two this afternoon and signalled. To-morrow evening we shall be passing, if all go well, into the Mediterranean. But it will be night when we steam past Gibraltar; and so we shall miss the chance of another signal. The Chief Engineer told me yesterday that during his eighteen years' experience he had never known so fine a passage through the Bay. Cloudless skies and quiet seas are anything but the phenomena which the traveller meets here. My heart overflows with thankfulness to our Heavenly Father for this conspicuous mercy. My nights are not very good. I have not yet got to like my bed, and do not sleep well.

*October 21.*—We passed Gibraltar this morning at one. Now we are steaming through the Mediterranean; the weather is not



at present very happy. There is an easterly wind, which is dead against us, and incessant rain. The ship, however, is pretty steady ; but it is a trial to be cabin'd, cribb'd, and confined in one's den.

Mr. Barber and I meet twice a day in my cabin. In the morning we read the Philippian Epistle, and have good times in studying with all our helps to make out the meaning of the more obscure passages. In the evening we read a Psalm, pray, and say good night. My appetite is returning. My sleep is not so even as I could wish ; but it is a shame for me even to indicate dissatisfaction where there is so much of blessing.

*October 23.*—Since last I wrote we have been skirting the northern coast of Africa ; we are passing the province of Algiers, and shall soon reach that of Tunis. The weather is fine and the awnings are up. I confess that I do not feel energetic and diligent. I do a good deal of reading, but it is of the idle sort. As yet there has been no *work*.

The sea air is doing me good, and perhaps it is as well that the first fortnight should be a free and easy time. Yesterday I read a

good deal of Wordsworth, and an essay on the poet by Matthew Arnold. A few days ago I placed myself under the spell of Jane Austen, and lingered over the pages of *Sense and Sensibility*! The difference between her characters and the lay figures of the modern novel is that which you feel when you go from living men and women into Madame Tussaud's Exhibition.

*November 1.*—Yesterday we arrived at Suez, and I was equally surprised and gratified to find more letters. Mr. Worms' agent brought them on board, and kindly added to this treat the latest weekly *Times*. Seven letters were delivered to me. The other passengers gathered round with eager inquiries, but I believe there was nothing for them. So I received my dispatches with the affected dignity of a Minister of State. We are now in the Gulf of Suez, a ticklish piece of water, memorable for coral reefs and wrecks. We saw this morning as we passed the remains of two steamers which had come to grief on opposite shores of the Gulf. This day is very fine but very hot. My cabin, unfortunately, is on the sunny side

of the ship, and this will be a considerable grievance as we get on. The heat beats already through the ship's wall. We have a good bath, which I take every other day. In the Red Sea I shall go on deck and get a douche from the ship's hose. Yesterday Mr. and Mrs. Zobel and child left us at Suez. Mr. Zobel is superintendent of the telegraph station at Suakim. I pity this gentleman in a place like Suakim, with one small child, and perhaps no European lady on the station to be a companion for his wife.

*November 2.*—We are in the Red Sea, and halfway through. The heat is trying and the sun dangerous. Our steward had a slight sunstroke about noon to-day. Fortunately he was relieved by vomiting. But he had a narrow escape. He looked appallingly ill. I gave him eau de Cologne and water to mop his head with. He is better this evening. After this caution we shall all be more careful not to expose ourselves. To-day is Sunday. I preached this morning, Mr. Barber conducted the night service. I gave poor Mrs. Thompson, whose children prevent her coming to our meetings, a copy of *My*

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*Sources of Strength.* I am so grieved that I should have neglected hymn-books, and books and tracts for the passengers and sailors.

*November 3.*—Intense heat by night and day. Fancy the water from the sea 85 degrees at seven this morning! The hose was played on me between five and six, and an exquisite refreshment I found it. The breeze behind us about corresponds with the rate of the vessel's speed, so, practically, we have no wind, and this makes the heat a positive burden. Fortunately we are in the month of November instead of September, the worst month of the year for a passage down the Red Sea. I shall be thankful when we have threaded the Straits of Babelmandeb. About ten steamers have been lost there within a few years. If there be light enough we shall see several wrecks that are yet in sight. The shoals are very dangerous there.

*Sunday, November 9.*—A change has come over the character of our voyage. We entered the Indian Ocean yesterday morning and the north-west monsoon burst upon us. So here we are, rolling and pitching fearfully. We hoped for stillness, and behold storm and

confusion! All the passengers are sick, of course. I am lying on my back writing this, not unthankful for the past, and striving to endure decently the present. We hoped for pleasant services to-day, and there are no services! I was almost amused this morning as I heard two voices singing: one belonging not to the most moral among us, raising the hymn, 'Eternal Father, strong to save,' and the other the captain's note shouting, 'My God, my Father. . . . Thy will be done.' Mr. Barber has collapsed. In fact, there is a universal collapse! Mrs. Thompson and her three have been transferred midships to the chief officer's berth. The ship is very deeply laden, and a good deal of water comes on board. The awnings have been taken down, and there is no abatement of the sun's power, so we cannot go on the upper deck if we wished. We have had thirty hours of this sea and may carry it with us all the way to Ceylon! I think I have been in worse weather, but the rolling from side to side is incomparable. I shall not forget last night for a while. I sleep just under the wheel and near the screw, and the knockings and

vibrations are sometimes maddening. Our Chinese cook spoke of us this morning with frankness, 'Joss man sick—no makee prayer.'

*November 10.*—We have had an awful night—I did not get a wink of sleep. About every minute and a half the ship rolled fearfully, and tons of water every now and then were hurled upon us. I was helpless while the water was sweeping into my cabin, for I had put out my light. Presently the lamp in the saloon fell down smash, and the paraffin oil caught fire! I rushed out. Barber was before me—he put a sofa-cover on it, and we managed to extinguish it. I came back and lit my lamp, shut my portholes, and lay down to watch. No breakfast this morning as yet. God send us some abatement of the weather before long. It is horrible while I write. Of course we cannot get to Galle on Friday now. Blessed be God, we are yet above water. I must leave off and write again when the day is closing.

*November 11.*—I did not write more yesterday. About one this morning there was a change for the better, and with few variations it has been maintained all day.

The weather puzzles everybody. The wind has been circling all round us. There has not been much of it, but nobody seems to understand it—meantime we go right through it, with diminished speed, however.

God keep us all !

*November 19.*—Mr. Barber and I landed at Galle on Sunday morning last, after a passage of twenty-one days. The first part of the voyage will always be remembered by us for weather unusually fine ; the last week will be equally memorable for weather unusually stormy. But on the whole there was much more of brightness and calm than of darkness and tempest, and all the way we were able day by day to sing of mercy.

Mr. Wilkin met us at the landing-stage, and with him there were several Methodist friends. Mr. Barber was taken at once to our chapel in the Fort to conduct the morning service. I came on to Richmond Hill, the Mission premises, and was kindly received by Mrs. Wilkin. In the evening I preached in the Fort Chapel, which was crowded inside and out. The Lord strengthened me for this service. Mr. Scott had come from Colombo

to meet me, and gave me a hearty welcome, as indeed did all the brethren.

*Colpetty, Colombo, November 25.*—The engagements which the brethren have made me responsible for leave me scarcely time for meals or sleep. I have been in Ceylon only eight days, and yet in this time I have preached four times and delivered ten addresses, some of them long speeches, to large gatherings of native people. The welcome accorded to me everywhere has been enthusiastic. The strength of some of the native churches has amazed me. For instance, yesterday we visited Negumbo, an old missionary station twenty-three miles from here. The native centre of this circuit is Seedua, a large native village, and here the people assembled to greet the stranger. A quarter of a mile from the chapel the road was lined with a dense mass of people. Several arches were erected, and about one hundred young people walked before us, each with a small flag fixed on a rod. The Roman Catholic people of Seedua asked permission to join in this public expression of welcome. The priest, hearing of it, forbade it; but the



leading and most wealthy members said that, while they were good Romanists, they loved their Wesleyan neighbours; many of their children had been educated in Wesleyan schools, and they desired to embrace this occasion to make a public avowal of their obligations to the Wesleyan Church, and do it they would in spite of the priest, nay, the Pope himself should not prevent them. So the first arch was erected by the Roman Catholics. We stopped the procession underneath it, and I addressed them and thanked them for their liberality. For several hundred yards the path was covered with white sheeting, and some of the elder female scholars met us laden with flowers, and walking backwards, strewed the ground with them. We were about deafened with the firing of guns and the rebound of tom-toms. In this way we reached the chapel. The sun was dreadfully hot, but you must just *bear* a thing of this kind. The inscriptions on the banners in my honour were very amusing. In the chapel an address was read in Singalese and English, and I replied—of course through an interpreter. The place was packed inside

and out. The number of young people present was a striking feature of the congregation. Yet what I saw yesterday was surpassed in Morotto last Friday. On Sunday I had an attack of fever, but Mrs. Scott's nursing brought me round, and I was able to drive to Colombo in the evening and preach in the pettah to six hundred people.

*S.s. Canara, December 12.*—Here I am on board ship again, *en route* for Negapatam. I came by the overland route from Kandy to Jaffna, a somewhat perilous way. We started on Monday, December 1, and came on about fourteen miles by rail—a night's travelling by horse and bullock bandy brought us to the ancient capital of Ceylon, Anurajahpoora. We saw extensive remains of old structures and a sacred tree called the Bo Tree, with a record of two thousand three hundred years. Mr. Scott accompanied me thus far, and here Mr. Rigg met us, and he and I set out for Jaffna on Wednesday morning at seven. We arrived in Jaffna on Friday afternoon, about thirty hours after our time. Those few days were so full of anxiety, fatigue, and risk, that

they seemed to me a fortnight. The country there is chiefly wild jungle. The dread of fever and beasts of prey prevents it from being inhabited. Now our safety depended upon two things, a supply of bullocks and good weather. Our bullocks failed us in the worst part of the journey, and moreover, the rains had in several places made the road well-nigh impassable. There was a station on the way, where lived a Government collector, Mr. Massie. At this station we arrived on Wednesday night, and Mrs. Massie received us and gave us a meal, or I know not how our food would have held out. We dined off *elk*, which was nice. The lady was very hospitable. After dinner we went out into the night and resumed the march. It took us twenty hours to do nine miles ! The nights in the cart seemed very long. With cattle falling every few minutes there was little or no sleep. God preserved us both from malarial fever, the scourge of the jungle. Mr. Rigg was anxious about me ; but I kept up. I suffered most from tiredness and intense solicitude. At one time there was apparently little hope : our helplessness was

complete ; we could only appeal to the trees for redress, for human beings were not. Prayer was our stay ; this was rational, hopeful, and comforting. The singing of hymns was another source of strength. At last a pair of bullocks turned up that could draw us ; and with these we went on to a rest-house. This was in the evening of Thursday. We remained here a couple of hours, and our clever servant Solomon got a fowl and prepared a meal for us. We then set forth again, and during the sixteen hours that remained our cattle did fairly well. The rain was not immoderate. Rain was our great fear. At one time it stopped us, and we had to take shelter for a few hours ; but during the last day and a half of the journey the weather was charming, always excepting the dew, which, when the nights are clear, is plentiful and dangerous.

*Negapatam, December 15.*—I must continue the above narrative briefly. My visit to Jaffna extended from Friday, December 5, to Thursday, the 11th. During this time I delivered seven addresses and preached once. The rain, which was horrible nearly the whole

time, very seriously interfered with my work. I had hardly seen such downpours, even in India. All the time I was in Jaffna I scarcely saw the sun. It is true that this is in the rainy season, but rarely have I known it to be without a single break. Nevertheless, the programme which had been arranged was carried through. On Wednesday evening in the large schoolroom I baptized sixteen converts, thirteen girls and three youths. It had been intended that this service should take place in the chapel, and had the weather been decent, there would have been a large congregation, but torrents of rain forbade us to stir out. The schoolroom adjoins the Mission House, and the passages leading to it are covered, so the converts and friends gathered here.

On the preceding Saturday I met at tea the missionaries of other churches. I was called upon for a speech, after which a conversation ensued. At seven o'clock we all adjourned to the American Church, where about four hundred educated Hindus (Christian and heathen) were assembled to hear an address from me. My subject was the ethical

power of Christianity and the solitary eminence of its Founder. Then the missionary party returned and supped together, and so the day was finished, and I also. A drive of five miles brought us to our Mission home.

One of the greatest native stations is Point Pedro, about twenty-one miles from Jaffna. We drove to this place on Monday in very threatening weather. A missionary and his sister reside here, Mr. and Miss Bestall. Almost as soon as we arrived a fearful burst of wind and rain nearly deluged the house. In the evening the rain held up and enabled us to go to Polly, where a remarkable reception awaited me. An address was presented to me, and a native gentleman supported it in a speech of excellent English. He is a lawyer, and gave us a history of education as carried on in that Province by the Wesleyan Missionary Society. He himself had been trained in one of our schools. After the meeting another native gentleman gave us a dinner.

*En route to Secunderabad, February 8, 1885.*—I am now in a railway compartment, and the train is so unsteady that I am afraid

my writing will hardly be legible. It is Sunday, and, except for a day and a night spent in Lucknow, I have been in the train since Thursday afternoon, and, what is more, shall not be at the end of my journey till Tuesday evening. This is a little severe, but there seems no help for it. I have three companions in another compartment, Mr. Burgess and the two sisters of his wife. We go on all day and all night. In the night it is winter cold, in the day summer hot. The ladies joined us last night at Allahabad; they came from Calcutta; we were on our way from Benares. We hope we are not spending our Sunday in vain. I went into my companions' quarters at noon, and we had our morning service. I read and expounded in the Colossians, and we sang hymns and prayed together. We remembered all the dear ones at home and Christ's witnesses everywhere. Last night at Allahabad, where there is a very large station, we were met by Mr. Coke, the Deputy Accountant-General, who had heard that I was passing through. A thorough Methodist, it was refreshing to have some talk with him. The station-master is also a

Methodist, a devoted local preacher, Mr. Duffil. He paid us every attention. A European guard, Fitzgerald, came up, and I thought he would have caught me in his arms. He said he was once a scholar in my Sunday school at Madras. So we had a pleasant time at Allahabad.

I am now fairly well, notwithstanding the fatigues of my work and travelling. Since I last wrote I have been sorely ill, but God graciously raised me up; the bruised reed has been repaired, and can now bear to be leaned upon, through His strength upon whom I am leaning. Sometimes in moments of exhaustion I give way a little to doubt whether I shall be brought through this huge Mission, but I am living day by day, and the old promise respecting iron shoes for a rough path is mine.

*Secunderabad, February 11.*—I am now in a country little known even to Indian travellers. I skirted it on one of the banks of the Godavery some twenty-two years ago: but now we are in Secunderabad, close to Hyderabad, the capital, through which I was driving this morning. Almost every man you meet carries 'a life,' being armed to the



teeth. The other day in a quarrel one man cut off the head of his fellow with a stroke ! Mr. Burgess has made many friends here among the military people and the native nobles. To-day we have been on the lake, a large sheet of water, and afterwards breakfasted in the palace of a court dignitary called the premier noble. I ought to have been in bed after such a journey as we closed last night ; but the people make a programme for you, and important engagements with high people, and, dead or alive, you are bound to fill them up. This evening I have a pleasant duty—to meet all the native Christians of the station ; three churches will be represented, two Telugu and one Tamil. There is one out-station, Karim Nagar, ninety-five miles from here. Mr. and Mrs. Pratt, who have charge of it, came in last night to meet me. This journey took them between five and six days. No roads, they plodded on with bullocks ; sleeping in their tent each night and living upon such food as they could get from the people.

*En route to Mysore from Bangalore,*  
*March 14.*—I am in a state not to be envied,

sitting in a railway compartment with the temperature about 90 degrees. Here I have been six hours, and have two hours still before me ere I reach Mysore, where I spend tomorrow (Sunday), and return to Bangalore on Monday. I have a kind of lecture to deliver this evening to the educated Hindus, and shall not be very fit for the service. I arrived in Bangalore yesterday from Madras, and shall return on Wednesday.

*Monday.*—Have accomplished my visit, and am on the rail again returning to Bangalore. We were very tired when we reached Mysore on Saturday. A grand carriage and pair awaited us at the station ; which the Mysore King sent and placed at our service during the visit. About twenty young men were drawn up in the verandah of the Mission House, who sang a glee of welcome to us. After a slight refreshment we drove through the city to see the sights, and were set down at the door of our new High School, a splendid building, not quite finished. The large hall was crowded, most of the chief native gentlemen were present, and one, perhaps the most powerful, occupied the chair. I gave a pretty

long address in the best English I could summon at the moment, winding up with the claims of Christ. There was capital listening, and I spoke with freedom, as I generally do when addressing men. Then we went home to dinner, for which I had been prepared by a tolerable fast.

Yesterday (Sunday) I preached twice, practically, though in the morning I took no text and spoke through an interpreter. It was a sacramental occasion, so we made one service of it, nearly every seat was filled. The chapel is small, but very pretty, seating about one hundred and fifty. In the evening there was a fair English congregation, seeing there are not more than seventy English in the entire city. This morning up at five, the train left at eight-thirty, and I had six schools to visit from seven to eight-fifteen. Among these was the School of the Maha Ranee, or Queen. His Highness's private secretary wrote asking me to visit it. There are in it four hundred girls. He took us through the classes. Our own High School for boys contains four hundred pupils, and is a very fine institution.

I leave Colombo for China on the 27th.

*S.s. Venetia for Hong Kong, April 5.*—  
This is Easter Sunday. I was up betimes, and at 7.30 a.m. a few of us communed at the Lord's Table. A very few out of sixty first-class passengers : seven in all, including the clergyman and his party of three, the Miss Watsons and myself. I enjoyed and, I hope, profited by this quiet service. Mr. T—— is an evangelical minister, judging from the discourse last Sunday, but over-exact in his ritual. I acted as his poor steward, and made the collection for the needy. This morning early I read over Matt. xxviii. and Col. iii., and endeavoured to apprehend the mystery of my resurrection in and with Christ. I am certain that I have 'newness of life,' and I am also as certain that this resurrection is partial. All within me is not freed from death. It is as if some of the parts which make up the whole were 'the first-fruits' of the rest that are still in 'the bondage of corruption.' My doctrine proclaims the coming of One who, even in the midst of this life, will speak the word, 'Behold, I create *all* things new.' For that

advent I am waiting and crying. During the last few days the spirit of prayer has urged within and from me the petition, 'Jesus, so far as such a resemblance is possible, make *me* like Thyself.' My own wisdom, which is foolishness with God, pronounces this prayer presumptuous and even absurd, and I offer it half ashamed of myself: but I am confident of nothing so much as the divine prompting of this supplication, and I continue to present it.

My flesh, which cries, 'It cannot be,'  
 Shall silence keep before the Lord,  
 And earth and hell and sin shall flee  
 At Jesu's everlasting word.

*Noon.*—Have just had a service on deck. Mr. T—— preached from 'Our Saviour hath abolished death.' He did not put any thinking into the sermon: but there was one thing I liked, the bold assurance with which he affirmed the dogma of our future resurrection. He supposes no hearer to have a difficulty in believing, he anticipates no objection, he has no patience with them who doubt. I certainly cannot find fault with this temper when

a man is preaching to worldly men and sailors.

*Monday morning.*—Last night, as I was sitting in a favourite nook meditating, Mr. T—— drew his chair up and began talking about the morning service. He asked me whether I agreed with him in his account of the resurrection body. I was obliged to say I did not. His notion of ‘a spiritual body’ is a very gross impression. I will not trouble to record our dispute; dispute, indeed, we had not, for he had nothing to say in defence of his views. He is not a man who has read or thought much. I fancy he has spent many of the years of his married life in running about the world with a sick wife.

As we have been going north since Friday, the heat has sensibly moderated. Last night I had a blanket to cover me, the first for many days. In China it will be hot enough during the day, but cold o’ nights.

*Hong Kong, April 15.*—I arrived here this morning from Canton. I am going, if all be well, to-morrow morning to Shanghai on my way to Hankow. When I get on board I shall have some quiet, and will write about

what I have seen in Fatshan and Canton. I can now see a little more clearly into future arrangements, and expect to come home via Japan and America.

*S.s. Kiang Foo, en route to Hankow, April 22.*—I am not now in a position conveniently to use ink. I have been obliged to write many letters in pencil, and none of my correspondents have mentioned this circumstance, so I conclude that the lead has proved faithful to the impression entrusted to it. The May Anniversaries will be coming on in a few days. How strange that I should be absent! Who will write the report, I wonder? Olver, I expect. Who will be the chief men for the Sabbath services and the meetings? I must wait to learn; but my daily prayer now is that the coming Anniversary may bring to our people something more than a temporary stimulus: such an amount of missionary intelligence and of such a kind as shall create within them an unfading interest in the conflict waging in these night countries between the darkness and the light. My own impressions of this vast contest were never so full of hope, because I

have never commanded so wide a view of the forces at war as I have lately been privileged to gain. Any report I may prepare for the Committee—and I am expected to present one, I believe—will but faintly convey what I have learned and what I feel. The ways of the Godhead are essentially inscrutable; but there are signs that indicate parts of these ways, and it is permitted to faith to discern them. It seems to me that the kingdom of the Redeemer is swiftly out-running the hopes of the Church; that while the Church presumes to know the limits of His path with the well-worn proclamation, Lo, *here* is Christ, and lo *there*, He Himself is somewhere else, within circles in which He is supposed not to abide, and using instruments He is said to disown! There are hundreds of Hindus who are confessing Him to one another and following His commands in secret places of whom the Missionary Societies know nothing.

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And now I must to bed. I am suffering from a very bad cold. I caught it on board the *Genogle*. The cold was, and is, intense. When the temperature falls 25 degrees and



30 degrees in a couple of hours I am beaten. The captain of this ship has kindly heated the saloon for me, and I have everything I can reasonably expect: but I cannot shake off this influenza. It does not prevent my working or writing or eating or sleeping, but it makes me uncomfortable. The Yangtse Kiang River is a magnificent stream. It is two thousand seven hundred miles long. Hankow is seven hundred miles from Shanghai. We hope to get in on Friday afternoon. We are now approaching Nankin, the famous centre of the great rebellion. It is nearly nine. I shall stay up till we arrive there—then to bed! . . .

This is Friday evening. We are late by twenty-four hours, and shall not get into Hankow before to-morrow morning. I am not now the only passenger. At daybreak we anchored at Kukiang. Here Mr. Scarborough joined us, who had come down thus far to meet me. About thirty miles further up the river at Wusueh, Mr. and Mrs. Bramfitt came on board. They had been waiting for us in the wharf shed with their two wee children all night. This day has therefore been a

miscellaneous day, no reading and no writing. I am just spending a few minutes before going to bed to write this. Fancy! this day has been unpleasantly *hot*, and not many hours ago we were all freezing. The change came on yesterday. Of course we go south with the river, and the sun is hot down here. My cold is therefore, I am thankful to say, better. I landed at Kukiang this morning, and walked through the town. Here are displayed some of the grandest exhibitions of pottery in the world. The manufactory is some miles outside the city. There is a union of massiveness and delicacy in the work rarely to be found. I had only time to walk rapidly through.

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*Kobe, Japan, May 13.*—Arrived here this morning. I called on Mr. Jencks, of the American Board of Missions. He told us that a grand meeting of Japanese pastors was taking place to-day at Kioto, so we strove to make preparations to be present. I am now writing this in a railway compartment, a very good second class. The country looks beautiful, richly cultivated on all sides.

Mr. Jencks told us that his mission has now in Japan twenty-eight churches. When I was here ten years ago it had not one church.

*Kioto Hotel, Evening.*—Attended the meeting in the theatre this evening. It appears that once in two years there is a conference of native pastors in Kioto. They are delegates sent from churches of all denominations in Japan. After the conference business is over they devote two days to preaching the gospel to the heathen, and hire for this purpose the Kioto theatre. They begin in the morning and, with a couple of intervals, keep it up all day. This is the last day, and we attended the last service. I shall never forget what we saw. The theatre by eight o'clock was packed. About eleven hundred were present. First a young Japanese girl came forward and presided at the harmonium, and certain girls behind the screen joined her in singing a hymn. Then a young man stood forth to speak. He was warmly applauded as he made his appearance. He spoke about forty minutes. His manner was graceful and winning, yet not wanting in authority. After him another stepped forth

amid clapping of hands, and spoke half an hour with evident effect, for there were frequent bursts of applause. He held a small Testament in his hand. His subject was the benevolence of God, but by his frequent reference to Christ, it must have been the love of God in Christ. There was no instability in the audience. The people came to listen. Many paid a few cash to get a seat or cushion to sit down on. There was no interruption except some man would cry out an objection ; but there was no sympathy with the disturbance. Of the eleven hundred about seven hundred were heathen, and they behaved admirably. It was a noble sight.

*May 13.*—A good night. This hotel is kept by a Japanese proprietor. It is beautifully placed, high up on a hill commanding a fine view of the town. It is enclosed in a garden and enlivened by a waterfall. The rooms are in Japanese style—light and pleasant, but too ill provided against cold for me, for it is very cold here, even in May, except in the afternoon. We dined here yesterday. Some of the dishes we understood, others we were doubtful about. At all

events we had fair soup, good salmon, and a fowl. Their tea is charming, but they have no milk other than condensed. I do not think they use cows, even if they have any.

*May 14.* — Have returned to Kobe. In a conversation with Dr. Green and Mr. Atkinson, I learned that the foreign missionaries consider themselves as auxiliaries to the native churches and pastors. The latter are practically their own masters. They manage all their church matters, determine who are eligible for membership, for office, and for the ministry, and ordain their men. Foreign ministers may take part in the work if they are asked. Dr. Green sits with his family under a native pastor in Kioto. If invited to preach he takes a service ; but this would not be more than three times a year. In his mission there are twenty-nine churches, and they are all self-supporting, that is, all that are organized. Where a few Christians are struggling to become a church the Home Board helps them to independence. The foreign missionaries, moreover, spend part of their time in visiting the various native churches. They are welcomed as friends, not

deferred to as bishops or overseers. Their advice is thankfully appreciated, but they have no power to enforce it. They are the educationists of the various Missions. The scholars pay for their education. The native churches are administered by a Committee, of which the foreign ministers are members by courtesy merely, and do not take part in the voting. The native churches never make collections. They have a box at the door, but most of the money is brought by the members to the deacons.

*May 15.*—This morning we prepared to start for Yokohama. I am writing this on board the *Nagate Maru*. It is now bedtime, and I am tired. We hope to arrive on Sunday morning. Scarborough and I are the only European passengers. There are several Japanese gentlemen with us.

*May 17.*—We have had horrible weather during the last thirty hours, wind dead against us, and blowing a gale. Our ship is fairly seaworthy, but slow. Her name, by the way, is *Nagate Maru*, but she is an old P. & O. liner, and before assuming this Japanese alias she was called the *Behar*, and is an old friend, for

I sailed in her from Ceylon in 1863! I have been sick, ill, and restless—a shocking night last night, gale furious. Now we are getting into Yokohama, and everything is quieting down, thank God, whose mercies never fail me.

*May 19.*—I came on here (Tokio) from Yokohama yesterday. This morning we visited the museum and exhibition, and on our return home we went to the great Temple of Asakusa. The temple had a grand entrance. The pillars were lacquered, and seemed new and unworn, although the composition had stood five hundred years. The temple itself dates from A.D. 500. The day being fine, many Japanese families came to amuse themselves and to worship; women and children chiefly, and working people—no students or gentlemen. These are leaving superstition behind. It seemed to me that the people we saw worshipping might well suggest that the superstition would soon become an enlargement of the Museum which is close by. The altars and gods, prayer machines, &c., seemed to have as little modern use as the relics of the bygone time

exhibited in the Museum collection. There is a large library, they say, of many thousand volumes. At the entrance there is a wheel, which, if you turn, paying a certain fee, perhaps it will render unnecessary the perusal of the books. Their contents will somehow enter your brain! We saw some praying-machines, but no one was praying at them.

*May 23.*—I have been to see and wander over the chief street of Tokio. I went into several shops, one especially, Marnya's publishing house. They are the publishers of the University. In looking over the works for sale it was curious and amusing to see flanked on one side by Locke, and on the other by a big book on Logic, a little volume entitled *Why are you a Methodist?* written by Bishop Peck, and recommended by Dr. Dixon, Thomas Jackson, Grindrod and others! There are also in this street Bible Stores. The Tract Society is outside the city. But the native booksellers purchase heaps of its publications and retail them. I saw in Marnya's some small school books of English Literature printed and published in



Tokio, such as *Rasselas*, *Macaulay's Essays*, *Herbert Spencer's Essays*, &c.

May 26.—I am now on board the *City of Peking* steaming towards San Francisco.

NOTE.—My father landed at San Francisco and at once proceeded to New York by train, thence returning to England by the *Britannic*, which reached Liverpool on July 6th.

## CHAPTER IX

### THE YEARS OF RETIREMENT (1888-1898)

**I**T was always my father's boast that he never retired. He liked to think that he would die a secretary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society. In this way the distinction of being created an honorary secretary of the Society was to him a never-ending source of joy and satisfaction. He knew that as long as he lived he had a right to sit on the missionary committees, and to have a room at the Mission House; and although for the last eight years of his life he resided at Southport, he always referred to himself as a man whose heart and work were in London. In 1888 he retired from the labours of a general missionary secretary, and in the evening of his life devoted more time to his home and family circle. The year still contained three important events for him, and

these he endeavoured up to the last to take part in. They were the Missionary May meetings at Exeter Hall, the Southport Convention, and the Conference.

There was another side of his life, however, which, so far, this book has only just touched. I mean his love of literature. His comparatively small but well-chosen library was the most precious of his possessions. The eighteenth century was his favourite period of English literature, and he always liked to think of himself as belonging to Dr. Johnson's time. This idea always suggested to me the story of George the Fourth's persuasion that he was present at the battle of Waterloo; but there is no doubt that in thought my father was often back in the days of the great lexicographer. He read every book of any note on those days, and knew intimately the lives and works of Dr. Johnson's friends. His *Boswell* he knew from beginning to end, and could quote Johnson's sayings on any subject about which the great man had laid down the law. Scott he considered to be in a class by himself as a novelist, and always ridiculed any review which ventured

to state that some modern story was equal to *Ivanhoe* or *Rob Roy*. His favourite Waverley novel was *The Antiquary*; but up to the last few weeks of his life he was re-reading one or other of them. 'The more I read them,' he used to say, 'the better they appear to be.' One of his favourite poets was Pope. About him he used to say, 'He is the first of English satirists, and what we want at the present day is a poet like him who would satirize the nonsense and affectation of the age. There are certain vices which ridicule alone will touch.' Swift he was never tired of defending. 'If you want to understand Swift,' he once said to me, 'you must study closely the letters to Stella. People regard him as a filthy writer because they read little extracts from him. If they read him seriously, they would have a higher opinion of the man. Even his indelicacy is used on the side of morality. Pure minds will skim lightly over the unclean passages in order that they may enjoy the literary treat which his works provide for them.' Of Addison I find this opinion recorded: 'He appeared at a time when virtue had scarcely

a name, much less a habitation, either in learning or manners. His compositions soon restored the credit of both. But Addison might have done more than this. He was a Christian, and, being a layman also, it was in his power to do immense service for religion in circles where even Tillotson and Barrow were forbidden to enter. He did, it is true, write a book in defence of Christianity ; but he should have based his moral essays on the doctrines of the New Testament, which he might have done without making them theological dissertations ; but either pride or timidity, or both, repressed his zeal, and he thought he had won a reputation sufficiently brilliant when the world declared him to be a keen but gentle satirist, an unerring guide in matters of taste, an accomplished critic, a safe moralist, and a good man. The writings of Addison are placed in the hands of our youth as inimitable models of English prose, and young men learn religion as well as composition from the pages of the *Spectator*. A century ago the influence of this class of works was immense. The moral seriousness of the *Spectator* and the *Rambler* was so

strikingly contrasted with the loose and profane spirit which commonly pervaded literary writings, that Addison and Johnson were esteemed among the foremost of Christian authors.' Writing again upon the eighteenth century in general, he says, 'Addison and Johnson headed what might be called a moralized literature. Almost every work had "moral" affixed to its title. There were moral essays, moral tales, moral poems, moral dramas, and moral songs. And no wonder, for wits wrote sermons, and clergymen wrote plays. Richardson's *Pamela* was recommended from the pulpit, and Fielding and Smollett were judged to be not unfit companions to the Bible and Prayer-book.' My father, being a great reader himself, realized the tremendous power for good or evil which the Press and literature of a nation wield. In addressing a class of young men, he once said, 'If literature has such an immense influence on the government, morals, and civilization of a country, how important that it should be based upon Christianity! It acts upon mind, and whatever acts upon mind should be

Christianized. The powers that are destined to survive the objects and interests of time should be allowed to exercise themselves upon the sublimity of their own eternity. *Here* the mind finds an ample region for the scope of thought—a light and atmosphere fitted to ripen its faculties. Here it commands a more extensive horizon, sees objects with greater penetration, gathers a richer harvest of knowledge, acquires a strength and activity of wing capable of making and sustaining the most daring flights of science, and has the satisfaction of knowing that every flight brings it nearer the source of all knowledge and all being. This is the direction in which our spirits should move. Like birds of passage, we should be seen winging our way in companies across the heavens to the far-distant climes of our rest and our home. An unchristianized literature may teach the mind a flight, but never a flight *homeward*. The best it can do is to amuse us on the island of life; but our path is over the sea. We may watch the astronomer descending from the stars like Ariel upon a sunbeam, and allow the poet “to hold us

with his glittering eye" while he chants his dreams of happier spirits and a better land, or recalls for our diversion the language, manners, struggles, and homes of our fathers ; but we must aspire to a higher flight than that of the astronomer, we must inquire for a more certain bliss than the dreamy Elysium of the poet, we must consult nobler chronicles than those of Time, and gratify our love of wonder by a romance more marvellous than that which the novelist has imagined. When in our intellectual toils and pastimes we lose sight of the *destiny* of mind, we grow earthly and sensual, unequal to the tasks, the sympathies, and the charities of the present life. Let me exhort you, young men, to christianize your learning, for this is in your power. Study philosophy, and whether the man of science affirm it or not, you will find *God* there ; study the great facts of the past, and, though your historians deny it, you will find God *there*, walking amid the graves of buried empires, and telling you that "the glory of man is as grass." Read poetry ; you will find God there ; even though the poet should deny Him, God is in each beautiful thought,



each ardent aspiration, each touching sorrow, each stinging remorse. Above all, study the Bible. Dryden said of Milton that "he read nature through the spectacles of books." Let the Bible be the glass through which you read everything. This medium will save you from the deception of false colours and false proportions. There is no philosophy so divine as Paul's; no history so ancient and so interesting as that of Moses; no poetry so sublime as the Psalms of the sweet singer of Israel.'

I have said that my father was a strong Liberal in politics. It would be more correct to say he was a strong Gladstonian. Gladstone, in his mind, stood for all that was most Christian, most moral, and most truly progressive in the political world. 'He was God's greatest gift to the nineteenth century,' he remarked on one occasion. On the other hand, Dr. Jenkins was never a Radical, and he looked with grave suspicion on the Labour section of the Liberal Party. 'Kings and Emperors,' he used to say to me, 'are often tyrants, but the greatest tyrant of all is Demos.' The following description of a

demagogue reveals this dread of democracy. 'The demagogue sets before the people he is ambitious to lead some public good ; he animates their disaffection by exaggerated representations of the particular grievance they suffer, inflames their hatred of the party he wishes to supplant, parades his fidelity to their cause and his sufferings in it, and swears in patriotic style that he is prepared to give his *life*, should this small sacrifice be required. He instantly becomes the darling of popular favour, the idol of the crowd, the Joshua whom Heaven has bestowed to lead a wandering and ill-governed nation to the milk and honey of a fruitful land. It is true his attachment is hollow, his aims are selfish and ambitious, and the instruments of his policy are infamous. He has violated truth, defamed character, promoted sedition, and masks the face and the heart of a traitor. He knows this, but he knows also that the people will never detect a well-concealed villany, for a mob has no discernment. He knows also that should this be detected for them, they will never believe it ; for though the crowd may be readily imposed on, you

can never practise on its credulity unless you fall in with its prejudices. I do not, in using the word "mob," intimate that the influence of a demagogue is confined to the street rabble of a city. It commonly affects a large proportion of those who rank with the intelligent of the middle and higher classes. A man of this kind has an instrument to move every order of society. A coarse blustering harangue, or an inflammatory placard for the vulgar, and a persuasive address affecting candour, and hesitating as to extreme measures, for the more educated among his supporters ; and history will tell you that by the power of one such leader, learned and unlearned, noble and vulgar, have been alike carried down the stream of popular disaffection and precipitated into frightful gulfs of anarchy and ruin.'

His views on India and mission work in that country may be gathered from former pages. He had allied himself to Dr. Duff's school work, and he did not believe in attempting to christianize only the poor and outcast heathen on the ground that missions to them were less expensive and more fruitful in converts. The importance of reaching the

high-caste Hindu was sufficiently great to warrant the expense of building a school and equipping it adequately with teachers and professors. He believed that the light of Western learning would quickly put an end to the tyranny of the Brahmin priest. The following extract from one of his latest speeches shows his opinion of the development of the Christian educational movement in India :—

‘If the Hindus and Mohammedans are becoming one people—and it is this which constitutes the growing importance of India—it is because their religious beliefs no longer divide them into two antagonistic races. Religious questions, with the establishments, prejudices, and customs associated with them, are beginning to occupy a secondary place in the minds of the people. The leading men amongst them—and this applies especially to the Hindus—have already made up their minds that their respective faiths are doomed. They themselves for the most part openly repudiate the authority of the priests and the obligations of the Temple; and they are followed in ever-increasing numbers by the

youth of the country. But if the avowed apostates may be counted by tens of thousands, the number of the disaffected and unsettled will extend to millions. Remember this fact : there are four millions of young people in the schools and colleges of the country ; and the hard practical learning of the West adopted in most of these institutions and affecting them all, dissipates and scatters that halo of reverence which encircles the religious feelings of a child and draws the youthful confidence to another foundation : that means a translation to another life. But this work of divorcing the youth of India from the faith of their fathers has been going on for many years, and widening in the area of its operations each year.

‘The youths of twenty years ago are now middle-aged men ; and those who left school ten years since are now heads of families. If the intellectual movement is still somewhat tardy in the homes of the people, it must be remembered that the education of the women is a comparatively recent departure. The citadel of the faith in India, as in other countries, and more in India than in any

country, is the heart of the woman and the mother. But the spread of female education since it fairly commenced has been so rapid that probably there are now five hundred thousand girls attending school, and in this return we do not include the home pupils of Zenana training.

‘But there are other divisions besides those that separate the Hindu and the Moslem. There are the partitions of caste, dividing Hindu from Hindu, and pushing into dreary isolation the non-caste tribes of the country, amounting to a population of perhaps eighty millions. These social walls rising up in the community, hiding class from class, fostering pride of race and the execrable tyranny of priestly domination, are being undermined and honeycombed by the penetrating researches of free thought, which is Christian thought, even though many of the thinkers are as yet unwilling to acknowledge its origin. I say, these walls of caste with their foundations cut away are everywhere falling to the ground! There are colossal remnants yet standing; but they are condemned by the public opinion of the people.’

The following letters belong to this period of my father's life :—

*To his Sister-in-law.*

‘ DEWSBURY,

‘ *January 23, 1888.*

‘ I am a little better. Was able to preach last night, and had a good time. A capital and sympathetic congregation. I preached long, and about ten minutes before the finish I observed that I had “a little more matter and a little more time.” Some one shouted, “Praise the Lord!” and a voice roared up from the bottom of the chapel, “Go on!” so I went on. This evening we are looking forward to a good Missionary Meeting.’

*To the same.*

‘ LONDON,

‘ *March 8, 1892.*

‘ I could hardly believe yesterday that seventeen years had passed since my darling was taken ! How vividly the closing scene of that beautiful life was presented to my memory and imagination. I prayed that her children might resemble their mother—God so help and order it !

'James Calvert died this morning at ten. I had heard nothing of a premonitory illness. I was told, however, at the Mission House, that he had been failing for some time. A truly great missionary. His early, or Fiji, career is one of the glories of the Missionary Society, rather of all Missionary Societies, for his work is the common property of all. He was a shrewd man of business; yet his consecration was upright and lofty like a Corinthian column. His faith and courage were alike superb. He had lived out his time; but he will be mourned far and wide.'

*To the same.*

'April, 1893.

'I have just come from the Great Queen Street service, where Dr. Rainy preached an excellent sermon on the last verse of St. Matthew's Gospel, "All power," &c., a very thoughtful discourse. Since accepting our invitation he broke his left arm, and preached with it in a sling. In the congregation was an old classmate of mine, who knelt by my side when I was seeking Christ! He will be



eighty-four to-morrow, and intends attending the breakfast meeting.'

*To the same.*

'April, 1893.

'If the breakfast meeting is an index that may guide our hopes for the bigger occasion, we shall have a good time on Monday. The speaking on Saturday was excellent. This morning I had a fair time at City Road—the sermon forty-five minutes—too long for a morning sermon.

'A curious incident has happened. When I went to India first, during our three months' voyage I got up a weekly paper, called *The Shark*, of which, perhaps, you have heard me speak, and edited it. When the voyage was nearly over we bound the numbers together, and presented them to the captain at a ship's banquet in the presence of all the passengers. Miss Linton, his surviving daughter, has brought the volume to the Mission House, and presented it to Mr. Hartley. She says it was kept in her family as a precious heirloom. I never expected to hear of it again.'

*To the Author.*

‘SOUTHPORT CONVENTION,

‘June 27, 1893.

‘I am not dressed yet—too tired to go to the prayer-meeting this morning where the rest have gone. We had a thousand people in the tent last night!—the largest Monday night meeting we have ever had. Dr. Bowden and I spoke. My subject was, “I and my Friend.” Here are two persons sharing each other’s rank, wealth, power, and wisdom. The unity of one in two. In certain cases the gifts are all on one side originally, but they are inherited by the other—and the weak friend is lifted up to the level of the strong one. I applied this to Christ and His friends. ’Tis a proud thing for a man to be able to say respecting Jesus, “I and my *Friend*.” So in duty, in trouble, in sorrow, in work and in death, “I and my Friend.”

‘Dr. Bowden spoke of Christ as our King, using Bunyan’s *Holy War* as the basis of his remarks on full Salvation. It was an excellent meeting.

‘More by-and-by.

‘Prayer-meeting this morning good, three hundred present. The noon meeting also largely attended. Mr. Cutting spoke on *Jacob*, his character, his failings, his triumph. Mr. Darlow Sarjeant gave a somewhat lengthy but powerful Bible reading on 2 Chron. xxiii., “The battle is the Lord’s. 1. The preparation for the battle. 2. The battle itself. 3. The spoils.” He illustrated by the grand fighting chapter in the Ephesians, “Finally, my brethren,” &c. Am now off to the evening meeting—Mr. Mantle and Mr. Davidson are expected to speak.’

*To the same.*

‘SOUTHPORT CONVENTION, 1893.

‘Our closing meeting was held this morning at seven. The chairman, Mr. Tindall, gave us a parting address. He spoke wise and thoughtful words. It is the general opinion that this Convention has surpassed those that went before it. This is not an uncommon impression, that the last is the best. But apart from this, there is, I think, little doubt that on the whole this year has produced addresses as good and congregations as large

as on any former occasion. There was a great crowd on Wednesday and Thursday at the closing session. Mr. Cook delivered a powerful appeal, and wound up with thrilling and almost overwhelming power.

'*The White Company*, now finished, is in many parts masterly. The wind-up is hurried over, but the last stand of the Company is very powerfully given. Some of the passages are equal to Scott.'

*To the same, during the May Meetings of 1895.*

'This is a time of bustle, and when the head is not clear of confusion, the result is a very fitful correspondence and a pitiful brevity. This morning I have been hard at committee work. To-morrow I have to preside at a Conference of District Missionary Secretaries and Treasurers. I must compose my speech this evening, but I shall not make any prolonged remarks.

'I have been reading Rosebery's Pitt. The latter was a kind of miracle. From a mere child his mind was forced into maturity by the instructions and example of his father

a greater orator than he, but not as great a statesman. Fox was a rival worthy of the younger Pitt. Curious that both these young men were the sons of eminent and contemporary statesmen. The elder Fox was not an orator: but Charles James beat everybody, Pitt, Chatham, &c., all. Such eloquence was never heard in the House before, has never been heard since. In the political world of those days, C. J. Fox was the greatest orator, Pitt the greatest statesman, and Burke the greatest man. You must get John Morley's life of the latter.'

*To Miss E. A. Wood (his sister-in-law).*

'I should have acknowledged your birthday congratulations by return but I did not wish to send a *hurried* line of thanks. I am afraid that my life, not as you view it, but as I feel it, has been a poor expression of service. I am thankful, however, that at least now I am in earnest to make the close of it meet, as far as infirmities will permit, for the Master's use. I am getting nearer to Him in the consciousness of His presence and in the thirst after its clearer revelation. This

morning I preached at Bow, on "He shall not cry aloud," &c. I had a pretty good time. During the preparation of the sermon I was blessed as I realized the gentleness and patience of Christ. The people seemed impressed.'

*To the same.*

'NEWCASTLE, STAFFS.,

'May, 1895.

'I came here on Saturday night, rested on Sunday, and yesterday afternoon preached the sermon in commemoration of the Diglake Disaster. There was a crowded congregation. Text, "Be still, and know that I am God." The sermon was entirely new, and necessarily, for the old sermon on this text has been lost and utterly forgotten for years! But no old sermon would have done. The people seemed deeply impressed. Many were in black: most of the bereaved were there. Mr. Dodd, the hero of the Diglake Disaster, was present, and they told me he wept much during the sermon. The singing was very impressive—the first hymn, "God moves," the second, "Jesu, Lover," the last, "Give me the

wings." Mr. Lewis opened with prayer—I have seldom heard such a prayer. Mr. Galland Hartley, the Chairman of the District, read the lesson, Rom. viii., "For the whole creation," to the end.

Mr. Dodd went to Windsor at the Queen's command. She pinned the Albert medal to his coat. The last occasion of such a decoration was seventeen years ago. Dodd came in to Mrs. Lewis's, where I was taking tea, to show me the medal and two others he had received. The meeting in the evening was also very crowded. I spoke, but not long—and after driving home six miles was very exhausted. The miners and their friends wish to have the sermon in pamphlet form. I must try to gratify them.'

*To the same.*

'June, 1895.

'The Convention is nearly upon us! I do not feel very cheerful about it: I mean as to the part I am announced to take in connexion with it. I have been depressed rather of late. I need no exhortation to think of my "latter end." That is in my

mind every moment, and sometimes with vividness and minuteness of anticipation. I am thankful that the thought is not unwelcome: but rather like that of the workman whose day is far spent. I would not adopt the commonplace of wishing to live my life over again: but I greatly desire to improve to the uttermost the brief term left to me. Two scriptures have recently filled my mind, and probably they will guide my preparations for the Convention: (1) Isa. xxvii. 5, "Let him take hold of My strength that he may make peace with Me." (2) Isa. lxiv. 7, "And there is none that calleth upon Thy Name, that stirreth up himself to take hold of Thee." Hos. vii. 7. The Church has to learn over again how "to take hold of God." The cognate idea, of course, is wrestling. Hos. xii. 3, 4. This is Whit Sunday. May the Holy Spirit fall upon multitudes to-day!

*To Miss F. H. Wood (his sister-in-law).*

'I know you are deeply interested in Christian work among the Jews. *The Jewish Chronicle* is, as you know, the



periodical of the Israelites. Some months ago there appeared in this journal two articles protesting against the all but universal neglect of the Bible by the Jews and contrasting their ignorance with our (Christians) familiarity with its contents. "We call upon English Jews," says the writer, "to restore the Bible to their lives." In another periodical, *The Jewish Quarterly Review*, there is an unqualified eulogy of Jesus! These words occur, "The sinner and the outcast owe a debt of gratitude to Jesus." And again, "Jesus fixed upon the most intimate and tender term for God current in His time, and gave it a special *nuance* of beauty and love." There is also an emphatic word of praise for the New Testament. My heart has been lifted up by these testimonies. I believe God is doing a mighty work for His ancient people behind the scenes.'

*To the same.*

'August, 1895.

'I think I was moved to say what I did say during the conversation on the work of God at Conference: for I had intended to

be silent. I feel very strongly on this vice of worldliness in the Church. We are called to change the world, but the world is changing us! Next Sunday evening I preach a Jubilee sermon for the Teignmouth Chapel. You remember I came out from the Teignmouth circuit. It is also, as you know, *my* jubilee year—fifty years ago this Conference since I was first received, and since I left for India! I am ever thinking how much better I should do if I had my time over again. So it is always! let me wisely make the very best of the time left to me.'

### *To the Author.*

(NOTE.—I had sent him Canon Hammond's article in the *Church Times*, on the sin of being a Nonconformist.)

'I have read over Canon Hammond's letter on dissent. This is one of several communications which he has kindly given to the benighted circles of Nonconformity. The Canon is bitter, but not logical. His paper is a distinguished example of *petitio principii*. "God has put us into His Society and there we must remain." God's Society being the

Church of England and the Church of England exclusively. What authority have we for believing that the Church of England is God's exclusively and that there is no other? Canon Hammond's! He says it is a sin to divide God's Church. So it is, but what is God's Church? The Canon says it is the Church of England. But what about the Church of Rome, which as an organization existed many centuries before the Church of England? The Church of Rome laughs at the Anglican assumption of orders. As Cardinal Vaughan affirmed, Church of England clergymen are in fact dissenting ministers. Would the Cardinal invite the Canon into his pulpit? No more than the Canon would invite me into his. The Canon condemns schism, so do I: and he quotes Scripture to support his views, so can I quote Scripture. But did the sacred writers regard schism as separation from the Church of England? What did they know of the Church of England any more than they knew of the Methodists? The Church at Antioch separated from the Church at Jerusalem: they followed a different teaching and adopted

a different ritual. They were all sound, of course, on the foundation doctrines of the gospel: but they differed on the Mosaic authority of the Church. Was this division a schism? We are told that the Holy Spirit sanctioned it (Acts xv. 28). We read of the seven Churches of Asia. Did they belong to one Church? Were they parts of a great whole? If so, what was the great Church called? The New Testament Church consisted of "all that call upon the name of our Lord Jesus Christ in every place, their Lord and ours." 1 Cor. i. 2 (R.V.) That is the only true definition of a Church. Canon Hammond is a busy but not a strong adversary.'

*To Miss F. H. Wood (his sister-in-law).*

'May 1, 1896.

'We are in the throes of the great Missionary Anniversary. I am not very steady in head and nerves—the whirl is a little too strong! The death of David Hill was a blow that staggered us all. To me it is a terrible stroke, and the missionary

bereavement can hardly be measured. I know you greatly revered his character as a missionary of devoted zeal and sacrifice. I cannot find in the ranks of the men left behind an exact parallel of David Hill. Of course the consecration to the work he loved of a large fortune gave a special distinction to his dedication, but irrespective of this, he was the most single-minded and enthusiastic missionary I ever knew. He was far above denominational lines ; he knew no party ; there were two objects that filled his mind and nothing else could enter it, Christ and the World—the Redeemer and the redeemed. It was natural that in Hill's case the redeemed should be China ; and for China he lived and died. It is my opinion that he accounted it the chief felicity of his life to die in China, surrounded by his brethren and his converts. Another affliction has befallen us in the death of Josiah Hudson, of the Mysore. The Chairman of his District for some twenty years, he possessed immense influence in the province. Poor fellow ! he died in the Madras hospital in acute suffering. Both he and Mr. Hill had laboured, Hill for thirty-two and

Hudson for thirty-three years—so we had from each the greater part of a man's public life. The General Committee sent me a telegram on Wednesday urging me to conduct the memorial service which they propose to hold for Hill, Hudson, Bryan Roe, and Romilly Ingram. And this I shall be obliged to attempt, albeit it will be in the preparation of the service a very hard business for me. Pray for me.'

*To Miss E. A. Wood (his sister-in-law).*

'July, 1896.

'With regard to the Conference itself, I am not in a very cheerful mood. Did I mention this temper in a previous note? The Methodist outlook is not exhilarating; but I hesitate to give much weight to an impression which may spring from the sombre temperament of age. I am convinced, however, that some of the most characteristic features of old Methodism are disappearing. As yet it is uncertain what will grow in their place. But as it is a Church which God Himself built, it will stand, albeit its shape and style

will be altered to meet the new demands of progress.'

*To the Author.*

'WESLEYAN CONFERENCE, LIVERPOOL,

'July 27, 1896.

'We are now in the midst of a discussion on Foreign Missions. It would amuse you to witness this exhibition of talent, eccentricity, and humour. Mr. Hughes comes on next. I will tell you before I close, the effect of his oration. . . .

'Hughes spoke well; but the opinion of the Conference anticipated his recommendation that there should be a fourth Secretary added to the Secretariat. I have been working for this for years, and now the Conference has decided that it shall be.

'I don't often laugh now, but I did smile at the reply of a divinity student who was asked by the examiner to mention one of the plagues of Egypt. He said, "The plague of locusts." "What became of the locusts?" was the next question. Answer, "John the Baptist ate them."'

*To Miss F. H. Wood.*

*' December 22, 1896.*

' This year has gone very rapidly—I feel deeply thankful to have been kept thus far in the way. No Scripture is so frequently in my mind as the words of the Lord Jesus, " He that endureth to the *end*, the same shall be saved." The salvation of each day is an immense gain ; more than we can know. The salvation of the last hour will gather up a glorious record of divine patience, forgiveness, and fidelity.'

*To the same.*

*' January, 1897.*

' We had a very interesting meeting yesterday in the Bible House. There were present a great many Methodists from all parts of London and between forty and fifty students from Richmond. They were first taken round the House and shown the Bible stores of the establishment, and then all gathered in the large Committee-room to hear two addresses. The addresses were given by one of the Secretaries and myself. I took some pains



to be interesting, and just touched the brink of tedium. I was followed by the new Secretary—a young man—who ably sketched the wide field of the Society's operations. We then went to Dr. Wright's room, and he delighted us with half an hour's talk on old Bibles, of which the Committee possesses a very rare assortment. He exhibited the most curious of these, and his comments were equally instructive and amusing. We saw the Bible of Charles I. Dr. Wright said that a lady had asked his permission to kiss it, and she kissed it all over with unctuous reverence and affection. The doctor told her she might come in any time and embrace it. Then we all went down to the tea-room and concluded a visit which many, especially the missionary students, can never forget.'

*To Miss E. A. Wood.*

*' February, 1897.*

' Yesterday, although the weather was awful, I felt obliged to go to the Clerkenwell Mission Anniversary, to attend the noon meeting and deliver the address. Mr. Wakerley hardly expected me to face such a day. We

had a fair congregation. The singing and prayers were very refreshing and uplifting, and prepared me for my task. I addressed a word first to the *congregation*, secondly to the *workers*. I said that the duty of the congregation with respect to the Mission whose anniversary they were visiting was threefold.

‘ I. (1) *Sympathy*, not the sympathy of mere sentiment, but the sympathy of a common interest and a common possession.

‘ (2) *Intercession*, dwelling on 2 Thess. iii. 1. The secret of the necessity for intercession was the fact that the work our brethren were doing was a divine work ; that they were simply the instruments of a Divine Power. John xvii. is a mighty example of intercession.

‘ (3) *Financial help*.

‘ II. A word to the Workers. The spirit in which they should do their work ; illustrated from Heb. v. 2 (R.V.). The qualifications of a high-priest. He must bear gently with the ignorant and erring. This is the true art of

*winning* souls. I expatiated on gentleness in Christian work. (Our Lord's own example.)

'This is the substance of the address. I concluded with the remark that workers must have faith in their work. They had every right to assume this confidence, because God had called them to it, and His work never fails. I did pretty well, considering that I spoke without notes.'

*To the same.*

*'September, 1897.*

'A very curious relic was found by my sister in the archives of the family; an old circuit plan of the Teignmouth circuit, dated 1845, for the second quarter—my own copy addressed to me, with the marks of my own appointments pencilled in by myself! I have been deeply interested in studying the names of the ministers and local preachers printed on it, and recalling the memory of the men. Ah me! I am, I believe, the sole survivor. I must have gone through my examinations very rapidly, for in December of the same year I was on my way to India.'

*To the same.*

‘I was very sorry to miss dear Mrs. Jobson’s funeral. The undertaker’s circular reached me here three days after the event! I have seen no account of it. I much esteemed this venerable friend for her own sake as well as for her husband’s. Since his death she lived chiefly in the past. You knew her well. A cheerful, blameless, and most liberal soul. Next to her husband she loved the mission cause best, and supported it by her exertions as well as by her money. The young Christians of the present day will have to make haste if they are going to attain the eminent virtues of those that are gone. I must be getting very old myself, for while I freely acknowledge and applaud modern progress, I cannot help thinking that with reference to *character* as distinguished from *attainments*, the examples of the past are far higher than those that are now current amongst us.’

I think it will not be unfitting to close this chapter with a late example of my father’s muse, which, though obviously wanting his

last touches, is yet the best and most original of all his later verse.

*Hymn for Christmas Day.*

The world will throng to worship now,  
 And place its wreath upon Thy brow.  
 The wise are beckoned by the star  
 Of learning, and they come from far :  
 The nearer watchers of the night  
 Are guided by a heavenlier light.  
 Genius unlocks its store of praise,  
 The painter's art, the poet's lays ;  
 And the vast charities of wealth,  
 In ostentation or in stealth,  
 Are consecrated to Thy Name,  
 And swell the tribute to Thy fame.  
 Babe of the manger ! let me fall,  
 The meanest suppliant of them all,  
 To kiss Thy infant feet, and trace  
 The coming God upon Thy face.  
 And if I touch Thy mother's knee,  
 I reverence her ; I worship Thee.  
 Thou, Lord of all, by all confest,  
 And she, above all women blest.  
 O holy Child of Heaven and Earth  
 And both uniting in Thy birth,  
 Altho' to me does not belong  
 The touch of Art, the gift of Song ;  
 If Thou Thy radiant grace infuse,  
 I will not ask another Muse :  
 Thine image on my fancy shines—  
 No canvas boasts diviner lines :  
 My love Thy glories shall rehearse  
 Beyond the reach of poet's verse.

## CHAPTER X

### LAST DAYS (1898-1905)

Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,  
And let me languish into life.

POPE.

AS my father's feebleness increased, he could not write letters without a great effort; but those which he did write constitute the most interesting record of the last years of his life. He lived in great quietness and retirement in his house at Southport, and only came out for his three great events, the Convention, the Conference, and the Missionary Anniversary. His letters up to the end show no falling off in his mental powers, and though shorter, give his opinions on books and current events with all his old shrewdness and humour.

*To his Sister-in-law.**'February, 1898.*

'Since I arrived in London, we have been living under a gloomy shadow; the first evening indeed was bright, to be succeeded by black darkness. As some one said, speaking of dear Moulton's<sup>1</sup> death, "Startled but not surprised." To those of us who knew him intimately, an early and complete collapse seemed inevitable, but we were not prepared for so sudden a realization of our fears. This morning in the general committee we had a sad talk over our loss. I regret that I did not begin our meeting, for I was in the chair, with a hymn such as, "Give me the wings of faith"; but it is always the case with me—the right thing to do or to say occurs after the opportunity has gone! It was a grief to me to be obliged to decline going to Cambridge this afternoon, but I am threatened again with lumbago, so I thought, on the whole, I had better listen to prudence and not go. On Friday morning I leave for Southport. I shall be glad to get into my warm bedroom and bed again.'

<sup>1</sup> The late Head Master of The Leys.

*To the Author.*

‘WORTHING,  
‘May, 1898.

‘As I had to preach last Sunday near Northampton, and an important committee in London was fixed for June 2, I came on here instead of returning to Southport. The weather is almost as bad as it can be ; but a change under whatever circumstances, is—well, a *change*. Miss Wood is making me comfortable ; but her little game is to get me to preach here on Sunday, and I dare say she will succeed. I should like to be in London on Saturday to see what an outsider might be permitted to see of Gladstone’s funeral. I could have got into the Abbey if I had tried, but a pageant, gay or solemn, never had much attraction for me. I am glad, however, to see such a consensus of admiration and reverence united over the great man’s tomb.

‘I shall go to the National Club on Wednesday, and on Monday get back to Southport.’



*To his Sister-in-law.*

‘LONDON,

‘October, 1898.

‘I shall be thankful for a little rest after the hard work of the last three weeks. Yesterday we (the Conference Committee) were all day over the proposed change in the order of the sessions of Conference. The brethren seemed determined to give in to the laymen, and the time is coming when there will be one Conference for laymen and ministers alike. So the old Methodism, which you and I have loved, will disappear. Possibly the new Methodism will be better adapted to the times, but to me “the old is better.”’

*To the same.*

‘1900.

‘So the Duke of Argyll has passed away! A great speaker, an excellent writer, and a well-meaning statesman; in all these a little too much of a *preacher*. I remember him in, I think, 1866 at a meeting in the Westminster Palace Hotel. He was in the chair, his red

hair like a colt's tail upon his head. We crowded into the room to hear Mr. Bright, who came in during the proceedings and had an ovation. Thomas Hughes was speaking at the moment. So the great lights of the country go out one after another—that is, go out to *us*. The hundredth anniversary of Cowper's death is remembered to-day at Olney. I should like to be there. An author with a somewhat diminished lustre in these hard days, but likely to live as long as poetry lives.'

*To the same.*

'LONDON,  
'April, 1900.

'On Friday morning our Great Queen Street service came off. Mr. Jowett, of Birmingham, was the preacher. I have rarely heard a more impressive sermon. It was on the old and ever new theme, "We preach Christ crucified." In the first division he dwelt on the holiness of God. He was afraid that even Christian believers preferred a "good-natured" to a holy God. He missed the holiness o God in modern prayers and

modern hymns. He found it in the anthems of the Apocalypse, where the angels rest not day nor night, chanting "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord God Almighty."

'This morning I preached at Hinde Street for Mr. Tindall, and returned to dine with him. In the afternoon Hughes came in and took me to tea with them. To-morrow is the big missionary meeting; the speakers will be Messrs. the President, Goudie, and Elliott.'

*To his Sister-in-law.*

'TORQUAY,

'September, 1900.

'I have been here a little over a week, and return to Southport to-morrow. I am not aware that I am better than when I came, but I do not think I am worse. I have not had much *outing*, one or two drives, and to-day we propose going to an old and quaint little town built about the time of Noah, but, I need not add, since the Flood. There is a tree there of which no one knows the date. It appears to have existed always. The town is known as *Stoke Gabriel*. I presume it means that it once belonged to Gabriel.

On Monday there was a public meeting at Union Street Chapel in connexion with the Sunday-school anniversary, and also to give a welcome to the new superintendent, Mr. Tyler. I was a scholar in this school, and a teacher, and afterwards the secretary, so I gave them a little speech. The Chairman expressed the hope that there would be other Dr. Jenkinses born of the school.'

*To the Author.*

'October, 1900.

'I had a pretty good time at Northampton on Sunday morning, when I preached for the Bible Society on "I am the Truth." The Mayor and Corporation marched to the chapel, and turned up in their robes. So we had a grand audience. The chapel is called *Doddridge Chapel*. This eminent Nonconformist was pastor here about one hundred and fifty years ago. Curious that two men so dissimilar as Henry Fielding, the author of *Tom Jones*, and Philip Doddridge should be lying together in the cemetery at Lisbon, whither they went for their health. Doddridge was a voluminous divine, and wrote a good

number\* of hymns, among others, "O happy day that fixed my choice," &c. I used to read when I was young his *Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*.'

*To the same.*

'February, 1901.

'I have finished two books, *The Talisman* and *Esmond*. The first is very beautiful. I knew it, of course; but this did not affect the charm of a second reading. *Esmond* comes next in merit to *Vanity Fair*. The Queen Anne's English was very difficult to reproduce, but Thackeray was a rare master of it.

'Dryden says of Shakespeare—

But Shakespeare's *magic* could not copied be;  
Within that circle none dare walk but he.

There is something similar in the genius of Scott. No other writer of stories approaches him. The two greatest poets of this century, Goethe and Byron, pay him the same tribute.

'I hope you were able to see the great funeral procession<sup>1</sup> yesterday. It was not

<sup>1</sup> Queen Victoria's.

all pageant—there was a good deal of sincerity and truth lying at the bottom of it. I am glad the Duke of Norfolk and his friends met from the Lord Chancellor the reception they merited. They asked to have the Protestant oath of the Sovereign so modified as to empty the declaration of all Protestant obligation. I have no doubt that the Pope or his *alter ego*, Cardinal Vaughan, suggested this action of the Romanist peers. The Lord Chancellor replied that the Declaration could not be touched, except by Act of Parliament.

*To his Sister-in-law.*

‘LONDON, 1901.

‘We had a remarkable meeting of the London ministers yesterday at City Road. The Morning Chapel was crowded with preachers. I have never seen so many on a like occasion. Our guest, Canon Gore, had an enthusiastic welcome. His address was masterly. He was genial, and evidently felt at home, though the surroundings were very new to our Westminster Abbey friend. If we did not agree with everything he advanced,

the refutation even of disputable points would be a task. His treatment of his subject was reverent and modest, yet the tone was thoroughly independent. He spoke with great freedom, having only a scrap of paper to help his memory.'

*To the Author.*

'LONDON, 1901.

'Another book on the French Revolution has appeared, *the* history for all time. It is by M. Anlard, *Historie Politique de la Révolution Française*. I suppose it will be translated by-and-by. There is an ample review of it in this morning's *Daily News*. I was astonished to find that on the Convocation of the States-General in 1789, there existed no such thing as a Republican Party in France! Yesterday morning I heard Dr. Parker in a full chapel. I had had a note from him to say that he had not preached for four Sundays. So I was glad to hear him again. We had some nice talk together after the service. His text was, "The Lord will help me." At the end he spoke regretfully of the death of Dr. Tanner, the notorious

Irish member. He always attended the City Temple in the evening, though a Romanist. "In the morning," said the preacher, "he was a Catholic. In the evening he was—himself." At which there was great laughter.'

*To his Sister-in-law.*

'May, 1901.

'For the first time I rode to-day in the "Twopenny tube" from the Bank to the Museum. Of course, I mean the Electric Underground Railway. It is certainly a great triumph of science and art in the construction of traffic lines. In one of the Nottingham papers it was stated, "Dr. Jenkins is ninety years old, and has spent most of his life in *China*!" The reporter of another paper took my sermon down, and sent a photographer the next day to secure the likeness of the preacher.'

*To his Brother-in-law.*

'June, 1901.

'Many thanks for the cuttings, which I return. The satire is very caustic. It must



have given the Laureate a bad quarter of an hour. I think the office should go out. It would have expired with Southey if Wordsworth had not been in the succession. Neither he nor Wordsworth did anything as poet laureate, and the only thing worth preserving that Tennyson did was the Ode on Wellington. I have thought that Savage Landor was prejudiced against the missionaries. The Pekin reports of missionaries sharing the *loot* were packs of lies.'

*To the Author.*

'SOUTHPORT,

'July, 1901.

'I have had some flattering appreciations of my article—many thanks for yours. It is now as large as life in the *Review*, and looks as well before being read, as the companion articles. Last Sunday I preached at Mornington Road, and had a pretty good time. The congregation was excellent. I took the whole service except the lessons, which were read by one of the stewards, a local preacher. I delivered the opening address in the Convention Tent last evening. People say my

voice was never better. I read over to-day the first three or four letters of Sir Charles Grandison ; if things don't improve I shall drop Sir Charles.'

*To the same.*

'October, 1901.

'I read the chapters of Doyle's *Hound of the Baskervilles*<sup>1</sup> with great simplicity. I read stories with hand to mouth interest like a child. I have spontaneous but little reflective enjoyment. The *Strand* needs something out of the common to keep it up. The other stories in the October number are not worthy a journal with the pretensions of a periodical like the *Strand*.

'I have engaged to preach the missionary sermon at the next Birmingham Anniversary in the middle of April, that is, if I am all right at the time. All my engagements are so conditioned. I accept very few now. I am pretty well, neuralgia excepted. If I could afford it I would spend all my winters abroad.'

<sup>1</sup> I had asked him how he thought Conan Doyle would finish the story.

*To the same.*

‘ November, 1901.

‘ A letter wearies me, for I am weak ; but I can manage a note. The weather wearies me ; but I think I am going on. I feel the cold keenly. I have finished *Danton*. Mr. Belloc finds it hard to make his hero innocent altogether of the September massacres. In my judgement he did not use the power he had to moderate them. I do a good deal of idle reading : am now reading over again that old literary gossip D’Israeli (Isaac, not Benjamin), always a favourite.’

*To the same.*

‘ 1902.

‘ I have been guilty of a piece of extravagance, the purchase of the Century number of the *Edinburgh Review*. I have known the Journal since 1840, and the history of it from the beginning. I used to read up old numbers, though how I got them I forget. I think I must have bought Macaulay’s and Sydney Smith’s articles in a collected form. The Century number is not quite good enough ;

but still the historical article interested me, because it revived old memories. I do not know who the present Editor is, but certainly its early reputation has not been sustained.

‘I think Chamberlain’s tour a very happy suggestion. We may be sure he will do his best to improve the great opportunity of his life. His public career is wearing away. He is, I fancy, nearing seventy, and it will be his ambition to unravel the great South African problem and engrave his name upon the crowning chapter of South African history. If meanwhile the present Government is knocked on the head, the new administration will not interfere with Chamberlain’s work. The country is so bent upon a good finish in South Africa, that if a new election were fought upon the Colonial Secretary’s position alone the present Government would come back to power.’

*To the same.*

‘November 27, 1902.

‘The papers will have informed you of the death of our dear friend Price Hughes. He and I differed on several things, but in most

things, and these the most important, we were *one*. He had a large political following outside Methodism, and was certainly the most widely known man in the Connexion. I am sorry I was unable to be present at the funeral, which must have been a most impressive spectacle. His loss to Methodism will not soon be repaired, and especially the gap will not yet be filled up which his death has made in the West London Mission. This was his own creation, and will long remain the monument of his great ability and perspicacity.'

*To the same.*

*'December, 1902.*

'Many thanks for your note. I am better, but not much. Dr. Hutton speaks hopefully, so I must be thankful. But I am getting very weary of this daily poorliness. My nights are sometimes bad, but they are sometimes good. The weather is almost unbroken cold and darkness. I cannot hope for better health until the genial weather comes back. I am thankful you are due here so soon. You will find me inexpressibly *dull*.'

*To the same.*

‘June, 1903.

‘Many and hearty thanks for Raven Hill’s *Indian Sketch Book*. The pictures are very clever. The most remarkable feature in them is the variety of the type. No two faces are alike. They are drawn, moreover, with great care. The surroundings represent very faithfully the scenes described. They have revived vividly recollections of India. Raven Hill has an extraordinary pencil. The humour of the stroke is admirable.

‘I am not well ; but I have been doing too much lately, and am now resting.’

*To the same.*

‘July, 1903.

‘I am thankful I was able to get through the Convention sermon.<sup>1</sup> I feared I should have to preach sitting down, but I stood all the time, and spoke for thirty-five minutes. On Monday and Friday I addressed the meeting under the Tent ; on each occasion my voice was equal to the strain. On the whole the Convention was a great success.’

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix B.

*To the same.*

*' February, 1904.*

'I ought to have answered your letter before, and also one received from Theo. ; but I am so weak and shaky that it is a labour even to scribble a word ! Still I am not *ill*, only weary—tired of doing nothing. We are about as usual here. I am anxious to learn how the new Parliament will get on. There must, I think, be a General Election before long. Balfour's illness at such a time is a serious misfortune for the Government, but the new Cabinet will right itself. The Liberal party have not had such a chance since I have known them. We want a leader—where shall we find him ?'

*To the same.*

*' March, 1904.*

'I hope my chance of visiting you at Hitchin is not far distant. I am, of course, deeply interested in the progress of the *war*. The Japs from the beginning have surpassed my expectations. The fact is that the Russians have fallen into the old error of

underestimating the strength and resources of their enemies—a blunder we committed in the South African war. With the memory of your birth is associated the death of your darling mother, the 7th.

‘I soon tire of writing, but am always  
‘Your affectionate Father.’

I believe that this was the last letter my father wrote with his own hand. After this he used to dictate his letters to his niece. The last year of his life was one long illness. His feebleness was pathetic to those who remembered his former activity and independence of all help. During the last months of his life he could not even walk across his study without some one giving him an arm. And yet in this condition of weakness he went to London, and was carried into the great Missionary Meeting at Exeter Hall. Not content with this he was wheeled in a bath chair into the Convention Tent, and had made up his mind to go to Conference. This last, however, was not to be. His weakness became more marked, and every one saw that his long life of activity and work was drawing



to a close. The last time I saw him in a conscious state, he turned to me, with the old look of fun in his eyes, and said, 'Women all about me ; I cannot escape them now.' It was his last protest against his helplessness. He had tried to keep his independence up to the last ; but old age was too strong for him, and at the end he had to give in and be nursed.

For the last week he was in an unconscious state, and so strong was his hold on life and his desire to live that I was thankful he never knew he was dying. Some one suggested playing one of his favourite hymns on the piano, to see if the tune would rouse him and prompt him to give some sign of consciousness ; but I could not help Shakespeare's words coming into my mind—

Vex not his ghost : O let him pass ! he hates him  
That would upon the rack of this tough world  
Stretch him out longer.

Shortly after midnight on July 19, 1905, he passed peacefully away, in his eighty-sixth year. The next day the Conference, which he had hoped to attend, began its sessions.

The following letter arrived too late for him to receive :—

*' July 19, 1905.*

*' Dear Dr. Jenkins,*

*' The Candidates' Examination Committee at Didsbury missed you very much, and asked me to send you an affectionate message. We love to think of you and to pray for you when we cannot have the pleasure of seeing you.*

*' Accept assurances of our sympathy,*

*' Sincerely yours,*

*' T. GALLAND HARTLEY.'*

The funeral, which took place at Norwood Cemetery, on Saturday, July 22, was preceded on the Friday by a memorial service, at Mornington Road Chapel, Southport. This was conducted by the Rev. Arnaud Scott, the superintendent of the circuit, and the address was delivered by the Rev. Marshall Hartley, who had been appointed by the Conference for that purpose. In the course of his remarks Mr. Hartley said that Dr. Jenkins had long been one of the best known men in Methodism, and

amongst the most honoured and beloved. He had become almost an object of veneration in the Methodist Church, and for years past he had been affectionately called the Grand Old Man of Methodism. No veteran ever more deserved a place in the hearts of the people. To characterize Dr. Jenkins was beyond his power. Many descriptive phrases suggested themselves, but he was such a master of the clear-cut phrase himself that one was shy of saying anything about him. His personality was unique amongst them. There was nothing of the made-up about him. He did not remember meeting the same combination of gifts and attainments in any other man. They recalled his acuteness and alertness of mind, his intensity of thought, his cogency of reason, his exquisite diction, his shrewd intelligence, his delicacy of feeling, his thoughtful and cultured preaching, his joy in all good work, his freedom from narrowness and bitterness, the serenity and loftiness of his spirit, his rapier-like wit, his loyal friendship—in a word, his completeness, for he was complete in Christ Jesus. It was his missionary interest that inscribed

his name upon their hearts. For though he was a returned missionary before he (the speaker) ever began to preach, he continued at heart a missionary to the end, a close student of all the problems in that, the greatest work of the Church of Jesus Christ. He was an ardent advocate of its claims, and was untiring in his devotion to the service. Absent from the field himself, his interest never weakened. How well qualified he was for work in India was a matter of common knowledge. He was the founder of their higher education work in India. Their college in Madras, one of the first institutions in that country, stood as a monument to him. Many of them would recollect how eloquently he advocated that kind of missionary service, and when, in after years, it was attacked by adverse criticism, they saw how he defended it. He had been encouraged to find how the name of Dr. Jenkins was revered amongst the people of India. Inquiries were made after him by people who had never seen his face, but whose fathers had been taught by him, and in Madras to-day his memory was appreciated.

It was hardly necessary for him to say that Dr. Jenkins was a great preacher. There was nothing flat about his preaching, but it was characterized by originality, fine imagination, true eloquence and evangelical fervour, and never failed to reach the heart. The congregations that sat under him were spell-bound by the sublimity and by the force of his utterance. Pulpit and platform were alike his throne. He took a keen and lively interest in all the public questions of the day ; especially was he attracted to the social and moral well-being of his fellow men, and outside his own Church he was greatly beloved and esteemed. In private life he was a man of wonderful charm. Like most people who were worth knowing, he took some knowing, but once known he was unalterably loved. Once admitted to the inner circle of his heart they found in him a singularly bright, sympathetic friend, genial, lively, and accessible. His spirituality was intense. Their friend had gone from their side, but not from their hearts, and would not, he hoped, cease to influence their lives whenever they thought of him, until they, too, followed him into the

silent land. He was added to that growing company of old preachers, as their dear Methodist phraseology called them, whom some of them were looking forward to join by-and-by.

After Mr. Hartley's address, Dr. Jenkins' favourite hymn—

O Thou who camest from above,

was sung to his favourite tune, *Confidence*.

At Norwood Cemetery the Ex-President of the Conference (the Rev. Silvester Whitehead), who was deputed by Conference to conduct the funeral service, was accompanied by Mr. Williamson Lamplough and Mr. S. Rathbone Edge, the other representatives of Conference. In his address in the cemetery chapel Mr. Whitehead said: 'We gather to-day at no ordinary funeral. We are here to commit to their last resting-place the remains of one who has lived an unblemished and exemplary Christian life; who has held a high place in the esteem of the Church to which he belonged; who has rendered conspicuous service to it through a long career; and who now goes down to the grave amid the tears and

benedictions of the whole Wesleyan Methodist Church. His name stood first in the list of the Legal Conference ; he had filled with honour to himself, and great advantage to the Church, the Chair of the Conference, and in addition to the ability with which he performed the duties of the ministry in general, he had been for a long time almost peerless as an advocate of our Foreign Missionary cause. The Conference has consequently appointed its representatives to attend these last obsequies in order to do honour to his memory. And, indeed, the whole Methodist Church bends over his bier to-day, and by its representatives lays its tribute of affection on his coffin. We have all been bereaved. A notable presence has gone from our midst, a leader has fallen in our ranks, a bright eye has closed, an eloquent voice is silent, a long, honourable, and influential career has come to a close. And it is impossible not to feel the sadness of bereavement. Nor would He who wept at the grave of Lazarus chide us for our tears. And yet we would not regard this as the hour of sunset, with clouds gathering about departing day, but as a glorious,

bright morning—the hour of prime—with the sunrise breaking over the everlasting hills. He who has departed from us has gone from earthly shadows to the everlasting light ; from earthly strifes to where “beyond these voices there is peace” ; from earthly pain and sorrow to the untroubled rest and ineffable joy of the Father’s house. For life is triumphant over death, notwithstanding all that its ravages can do. Death is not an end of life, but a transition to a higher and happier state of being. It may lay low the body, but it emancipates the immortal spirit. Now, therefore, we can think of our departed friend and father as living in a higher, truer sense than he ever knew on earth ; as thinking on a scale of which his loftiest imagination gave him no conception while here ; and worshipping with an ecstasy which they only know who serve God in His courts above. He now knows that “to die is gain”—that “to depart” is to “be with Christ,” which is “far better.”

It would be impossible to include in this little volume all the tributes to my father’s memory which were received. Two, however,



it may be fitting to give, one from the Conference and one from the British and Foreign Bible Society.

‘WESLEYAN METHODIST CONFERENCE,

‘BRISTOL,

‘*July* 20, 1905.

‘DEAR MR. JENKINS,

‘We are directed by the Conference to assure yourself and your sister and your whole honoured family circle at Southport, of our deep and loving sympathy in the great loss you have sustained by your distinguished father’s death. He lived in the hearts of the Methodist people, who rejoiced in his gifts as a preacher and in his powerful advocacy of Foreign Missions. To his brethren in the ministry he had endeared himself, not only by his long and noble service to the cause of Christ at home and abroad, but by his overflowing kindness and brotherliness. Our whole Church is bereaved, yet even in our mourning we give thanks to God for the labours and example which have permanently enriched Methodism in England and in India.

‘We shall not fail to commend you and your sister in our prayers to that fatherly goodness which can never fail you, and are confident that it will be your stay and your comfort, not only in this hour of sorrow, but in all days to come.

‘With much regard and sympathy, believe us, dear Mr. Jenkins, on behalf of the Conference,

‘Yours affectionately,

‘CHARLES H. KELLY,

‘President ;

‘JOHN HORNABROOK,

‘Secretary.’

‘BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY,

‘146, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET,

‘LONDON, E.C.,

‘August 21, 1905.

‘*Extract from the Minutes of the General Committee, dated London, July 31, 1905.*

‘Resolved that the following Memorial Minute be adopted.

‘On the morning of July 19, the day of the opening session of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference, the Rev. E. E. Jenkins, LL.D.,

the oldest member of the Legal Hundred, passed happily to his rest.

‘At Southport, the place of his home, and by the graveside at Norwood cemetery, his old colleagues of the Wesleyan Ministry bore loving and eloquent testimony to the work and dignity, the self-denying zeal and confident hopefulness of the aged servant of God, whose labours his Master had so highly honoured, and his brethren so greatly esteemed.

‘Ten years ago, about the time of his retirement from the Secretariat of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, the roll of the Bible Society’s Vice-Presidents was enriched by his name. It was a token of the place which he held in the world of Missions. Himself for nineteen years a missionary in South India, where in addition to his evangelistic work he threw himself with characteristic energy into the educational movement, it was with regret that he returned to England to take up ministerial work at home. His experience had intensified his missionary zeal, and on his return, in pulpit and on platform, he advocated the need of placing the

extension of the Master's Kingdom in the forefront of the life of the Church.

'In 1877 he became one of the Foreign Secretaries of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, being brought thereby still more closely into touch with the Bible Society. From time to time, at the request of the Committee, he appeared on the Society's platform, and bore testimony to its work.

'Wise in counsel, vigorous in thought and speech, he served his day and generation faithfully and with honour. God granted him length of days for the glory of His name and the spread of His kingdom. He has taken him in His lovingkindness to a better and more glorious life.

'The Committee of the Bible Society, with which he had so close a bond, praise God for His goodness towards His servant. To their brethren in the Wesleyan Church, and more especially to those whose home has been saddened by his death, the Committee tender their sincere sympathy, and they pay this tribute to his memory.'



## APPENDIX A

### THE LAST EXETER HALL SPEECH

MR. CHAIRMAN,

I am not usually unnerved in the prospect of delivering a speech on Foreign Missions, even in Exeter Hall ; but on this occasion I have an almost painful mistrust of my ability to discuss those great missionary questions which, before a speaker introduces them, must be present in the minds of many of us this day. I could wish a larger store of power than belongs to a man of my age ; but I reckon with some confidence upon the sympathetic forbearance and even indulgence of a Methodist audience when an old missionary is summoned to address them.

Missionaries are not politicians, but their work is more closely associated with the policy of nations than that of any other profession. They do not belong to the forces that administer government, but they exercise an enormous influence upon the people who

are governed ; an influence for the most part unseen and, therefore, unregistered. But they watch with deep, if it be unspoken, solicitude for the issue of political changes as if they were natives of the countries which these changes affect ; and they *are* natives, all true missionaries are natives in sympathy, in language, and in brotherhood with the people they intend to convert. As an example of the connexion of political events with the opportunities of the missionary enterprise, let me cite the late war in the Far East between China and Japan. Until that war opened the secret of many centuries, China was inscrutable. In previous conflicts with ourselves and with France the unknown China was hardly touched. In the beginning of the war I was in correspondence with David Hill. He expressed himself with great confidence as to the result of the fight. He predicted the humiliation of Japan. His judgement on the drift of a political movement in China was rarely at fault ; it was naturally sound, and nothing escaped him. This was his impression, an impression shared by most public men resident in China, that as the war advanced China would discover an immense reserve of power which in the end must overwhelm her adversary. There was

no reserve of power. The Celestial Empire collapsed, and for the first time in history the world was able to take the measurement of China. The extraordinary events which have followed the war, and which are at this moment absorbing the attention of the civilized world, are too recent for conjecture or speculation as to what may come after, but of the ultimate issue there can be no doubt, *there will be a new China*. War is a weapon manufactured by man, but the destinies of war are shaped by another Hand. Those of us who have been taught to read history by the light of Christ, the supreme Lord of history, will connect with other political causes the revolution which has opened China to the world. The prayers, the labours, the long patience, the sufferings, and the martyrdoms of the last fifty years of the missionary record in China, one of the noblest in missionary history, are not dead memories, although many of those whose lives they represent have passed away ; they are living forces, and will have a large share in the shaping of the new China.

In turning from China to India, there is one part of the Indian field which I desire to commend to the attention and sympathy of the meeting ; I refer to the non-caste races of India. The problem of the Indian Pariah



is beginning to be understood. Those neglected millions, once deprived of all rank and driven beyond the shelter of law, not counted as a class of the population, the victims of an insolent and oppressive caste, are now rising into notice. Their rights as citizens are not only discussed and conceded by Hindu debating societies and native journals, but demanded and justified by the growing intelligence of the Pariahs themselves.

This translation of outcasts to the position and immunities of citizenship was not initiated by the Government; it is a brilliant missionary record. For many years before legislation touched the condition of the outcast, the missionary was the Pariah's friend; missionaries, single-handed, fought the Pariah's battle. There is no period in my Indian life upon which I look back with greater satisfaction than when I joined other men in resisting the infamous assumption of Brahminism that the Pariah was not equal, and therefore not entitled to the privileges of education. We fought the battle in our High Caste schools; we insisted that the only caste to which we would allow precedence was the caste of merit; that the Brahmin and the Pariah should be fellow students. The Brahmin parents sternly resented this policy; they

emptied our schools ; but the young gentlemen who had tasted the new knowledge of the West and had themselves witnessed the equal intelligence of their Pariah class-mates, pleaded to return to their studies ; and after a little prudent hesitation and in the interests of peace, they were sent back to school. The war was not ended in a single engagement ; but if victory lingered we never doubted that the day was ours. That conflict made no noise ; it was not noticed at home ; it was too quiet for fame. It was an incident, though a leading one, in a mighty revolution which is giving a new face to India. The Pariah races are now recognized by the State ; and more than that, the higher castes that used to consider their existence a humiliation to the country are now beginning to understand and respect their claims ; and some of the native leaders of India, whose attention has been drawn to the subject chiefly by the successful philanthropy of the missionaries, are seeking to remedy their condition. That condition has been in the villages a condition of slavery. But this standing injustice of centuries will disappear with the present century. When the missionary takes his message to a new population, whether in India or in Africa, he carries

in his hand not only a gospel for the souls of the people, but a gospel for their condition. He demands and proclaims the destruction of slavery ; not a humane treatment of slaves, not a traffic in coolies with the word *slavery* dropped, but retaining under a thin disguise the hideous wrong itself ; he insists upon the personal, the indefeasible rights of labour. If he cannot himself open a prison door, he knocks at it, cheers the captives within, invokes the strong arm of public opinion, and never rests until he breaks down the barrier, and in the name of his Master sets the prisoners free.

With much preparatory work done, with a State policy friendly and even sympathetic, with a changed sentiment in many of the Brahmins themselves regarding their Pariah fellow subjects, the non-caste villages of India to-day present an area of productive soil which can hardly be matched in the field of the world itself. Here is a people prepared of the Lord, simple, credulous, uninstructed, with no governing priesthood, and yet with the traditions of wrong deeply engraven upon their customs, upon their character, and upon their life. We hear from Mr. Goudie that it is not the missionary who seeks them, it is they who seek the missionary. The rumour

of a better thing has reached them, and they come from remote villages in the person of representatives whom they depute to state their case to the missionary. They live next door to famine, but they do not ask for food ; their normal condition is penury, but they do not ask for money ; they ask for instruction in the new faith, of which they have heard ; they ask that Christian teachers may be sent to live amongst them. We have no teachers ready ; we pray you to give us the means to support them.

Let me add one fact of immense importance. The very qualities and conditions which make the Pariah people eligible for immediate Christian discipleship, expose them to the ensnaring wiles of the Moslem propagandist. Hinduism and Mohammedanism have their missionaries. They are labouring among the aboriginal and non-caste races of the country. They copy our methods of propagation ; they emulate the activities of the school, of the Press, of the charities, of all the propaganda of Christian missions. They have kindled within themselves a new hope from our success. They intend to outrival us and to better our instruction. This opposition does not discourage us in the least ; but it reads to us this lesson, *that the peoples of India are*

*apprehending great changes*, a new faith, a new social system, a new order of government, not a new sovereign. I do not pretend to forecast what revolutions are imminent in India ; what I insist upon is the lesson of the crisis. *This is our time*, there has never been such a time before ; and times never stand still ; they go on into evolutionary currents ; they have their periods of ebb and flow. In *my time* the condition of India resembled an Indian river in the season of drought, a vast waste of sand where the river's course can only be discerned by pools of water left from the last freshes. *Your time* is the river in its flood. You can navigate it ; it will bear you on its bosom, and carry you to success and triumph. You can irrigate with it and make the wilderness and solitary place glad with harvests. You can make it the river of God to quench the thirst of the towns and villages through which it passes. On the other hand, you can stand and watch it go by. You can admire its depth, its rushing life and vigour, and do nothing with it and take nothing from it. Which shall it be ? In the name of our fathers, which shall it be ? In the name of the blessed dead, whose presence we miss to-day, which shall it be ? I cannot doubt that the answer which this meeting,

which this Connexion is prepared to give, is a resolution not to gaze idly upon what is passing before us, but as a great missionary Church to go *with* this resistless current of events, to master its forces, to store its riches, to travel with its movement, that we may enter the openings and appropriate the supports which Governments, commerce, and science may offer us. So shall we be able to watch the changes which are now stealing over the minds of natives, and be ready at critical moments of national unrest to convert wavering idolatry to the worship of the Father and a despondent and tired scepticism to the faith of Jesus.

I cannot finish what I have to say about India without adverting for a moment to the trials and sufferings of the people. We know that the strength of the famine is broken; but it may not be so well known that in several of the provinces there is a pressure of need hardly less severe than famine itself. The missionaries of our Society and of other Societies have been the nursing fathers and the nursing mothers of India during this awful visitation, and their diligent love will never be forgotten. They have been compelled to accept, and have most willingly undertaken, the guardianship of a multitude

of children.' They have arrested the scattering of many a family by saving the breadwinner when there was no bread to win. The bread we have cast upon those waters of affliction will be found after many days. Some of our strongest missions have grown up from the charities of famine work.

It must be to all of us a matter of devout thanksgiving that the war with the hill tribes of the north-west is over; a war which need never to have been, and therefore ought never to have been. The history of an unfortunate and bloody contest is happily relieved by the brilliant conduct of the British troops and the equal valour of their native comrades. I was unpatriotic enough to admire the stubborn gallantry of the hill men who were fighting for their homes, for their villages, and for their independence. We shall learn before long that the best frontier defence at the gates of the Kyber is not artillery and bayonets, but a policy of equity, of graciousness, and of confidence in all our intercourse with the natives of the Border.

Let me, before I sit down, congratulate the Meeting upon the Report which has been presented to us this morning. I have not heard for several years so encouraging a statement. What particularly strikes me is

the increasing number of native ministers ; these bid us look forward to native Synods and native Conferences. There is also a goodly array of native churches. Our brethren are not anxious to fashion these churches after the home pattern ; they allow them to take form and colour from the genius of the people from whom they spring. Yet they are as truly Methodist as our own Societies ; for Methodism is not a *pattern*, but a *soul* alive with the love of Jesus.

It is peculiarly gratifying to learn also that the Foreign missionary interest is deepening in our Home Circuits. This means much more than additional income to the Society. I am more concerned for the health of Methodism than for the revenues of Methodism. All revenue is safe if the heart of the Connexion is right. That heart is an immense organ. Preserve its vigour ; save it from the empiric and the quack ; give it freedom, and it will send its life into all lands.



## APPENDIX B

### THE LAST SERMON.

PREACHED AT THE SOUTHPORT CONVENTION,  
JUNE, 1903.

‘ In the Lord ’ (Phil. i. 14).

THERE is no scripture so frequently quoted in the New Testament as the words we have selected for our morning’s meditation, ‘ In the Lord.’ It expresses the intimate fellowship of Christ’s followers with the Master. This was revealed and illustrated by the Lord Himself in the parable of the *Vine*: ‘ *Abide in Me and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself except it abide in the Vine, no more can ye except ye abide in Me.*’ This fellowship is identity of nature. Herein is the mystery of the Incarnation—God in man is Christ. He is not merely in us by virtue of His omnipresence, as in this respect He is everywhere, but by virtue of the Oneness of His nature. He is divine and He is human.

He does not inhabit the human ; He *is* the human. He is manifested in the flesh, and in that manifestation He is identified with it. The Son of God becomes the Son of Man.

In the fellowship represented by the expression, *In the Lord*, the two leading ideas are *authority* and *companionship*.

1. *In the Lord* is *under the Lord*, under His commandment, under His ruling, under His warrant, committed to His success, *in His name*. Everything it means is unfolded in that remarkable scripture, '*I will go in the strength of the Lord ; I will make mention of His righteousness, even of His only.*' There is another scripture which brings out the same truth even more clearly : '*I have been crucified with Christ ; yet I live ; and yet no longer I, but Christ liveth in me : and that life which I now live in the flesh I live in faith, the faith which is in the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself up for me*' (Gal. ii. 20). Our life is in Christ. Christ is the spring of its motives, the leading Master of its development, the inspiration of its desires, and the strength of its resolutions ; in fact, from His indwelling presence comes the entire energy of its existence. This implies that there is nothing in the Christian's life outside Christ, whether it be moral, intellectual, or animal.

We have it emphatically expressed in that wonderful prayer of the apostle's : '*And the God of peace Himself sanctify you wholly, and may your spirit and soul and body be preserved entire, without blame at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ*' (1 Thess. v. 23).

Thus Christ pervades the universal realm of life, and this explains the perpetual recurrence in the apostolic writings of the expression, *In the Lord* ; whether the reference is to the material duties of life or to the higher privileges of faith, it is always *in the Lord*. Christ is made to share all its fellowships, all its obligations, all its hopes, the apprehension of all its dangers, the pride of all its successes. No detail, however ordinary, but takes its authority and its inspiration from Christ. The most casual incidents in social life happen *in the Lord*.

The apostle considered that the life of each disciple was a reproduction of the Master's. This is Christ's lesson, '*Learn of Me.*' This is St. Peter's comment. '*Hereunto were ye called, because Christ also suffered for you, leaving you an example that ye should follow His steps.*' St. Paul designates this, '*Walking worthily of the Lord unto all pleasing.*'

The other idea suggested by the expression, *In the Lord*, is *companionship*, by which

we understand a union of mind, of sympathy, of taste, of aim, a common occupation, common antipathies, and common sources of delight; and added to these are those inter-confidences which build up mutual endearment.

So close a walk with the Deity in Christ is a great mystery. We are justified in so describing it by the declaration of Christ Himself, '*I have called you FRIENDS.*'

The elements of friendship comprehend the loftiest sentiments which can subsist between two human beings. The noblest affinity is that of friendship. The relation of husband and wife and father and child is the natural bond of human life, and can exist irrespective of the highest qualities of the mind, such as esteem, reverence, and the purest type of love.

When two minds are united in friendship, unequal in gifts, one, it may be, infinitely superior in capacity to the other, but one in affection, there is a levelling up of the smaller mind; they ennoble each other, the weaker spirit surpasses itself in intellectual apprehension, and the stronger in tenderness. They are in charge of each other's welfare and honour. Each counts whatever is possessed as his own. This mutual possession is expressed in several passages in the Lord's

prayer for His friends, '*and all Mine are Thine and Thine are Mine*'; and again, '*Neither pray I for these alone; but for them also who shall believe on Me through their word: that they all may be one, as Thou Father art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us . . . and the glory which Thou hast given Me I have given unto them; that they may be one, even as We are one.*' Of the two thus united, the Master and the disciple, Christ is the commanding presence; the lesser lives in the greater, is, in a certain sense, absorbed in the greater. This mysterious intimacy, which cannot be explained but is distinctly felt, is one life; *Christ in us*, not merely the hope of glory, the condition and shaping genius of future development, but the all-pervading source of present existence.

The apostles considered each other as brothers *in the Lord*. Marriage, the education of their children, the conduct of their business, every variety of enterprise, friendships, journeys, afflictions, every phase of life, *the doing, the suffering, and the dying*, were *in the Lord*. The whole is condensed in that scripture, 'Whether we live, we live unto the Lord, or whether we die we die unto the Lord; whether we live therefore or die, we are the Lord's.'

See for a moment what this means, *in the Lord*. The Lord *in us*. *Your life is hid with Christ in God* (Col. iii. 3). He is the wisdom of our life, the abiding joy of our life. How different is this from an ordinary Christian profession, from the bearing of a name! It is nothing less than the possession of a living Christ; it is much more than the acceptance of a creed, or even the fellowship of a communion, it is *walking with Jesus*. This life is supernatural, and yet not unnatural. It does not unfit us for the ordinary walk of duty, it elevates that walk; it separates from us those elements of selfishness and licence which corrupt and degrade the spirit. Walking with Jesus we become like Jesus. This is the law of friendship. The weaker friend insensibly copies the stronger; all his faculties are on the stretch to understand the thoughts and revelations of the larger mind; the horizon of his view is ever widening. The dimness which characterizes imperfect knowledge gradually clears, and knowledge becomes distinct and certain. The process is known in New Testament experience as *going on to know the Lord*; and the attainment is clearly stated by St. Paul, '*I know Him whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to guard that which I have committed unto Him against that*

day.' It is also repeated in that well-known assurance, '*We know that if the earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.*'

The experimental knowledge of the believer is not *conjecture*, but *assurance*. It was never intended that we should struggle into certainty in intellectual conflict, but find certainty by the Spirit's revelation. There are many who, after they have believed, lead an unhappy spiritual life, through a morbid misgiving; they are never sure of their salvation; there is no sunshine in their experience; they live through a dark and cloudy day; they mistake the provisions of grace, which not only bring the rudimentary apprehension of faith, but the full assurance of faith—a confidence which awakens the joy that is unspeakable and full of glory.

There is nothing that ministers so much to edification as the study of apostolic experience. Neither in their writings nor their life do we find in the apostles any trace of doubt, either in respect of the doctrines they proclaimed or their own personal salvation. Everywhere and in all things there is *certainty*. Nor did they regard this indisputable evidence as an apostolic gift restricted to themselves,

but an open privilege accessible to all believers, to the attainment and enjoyment of which they invited and pressed every member of their churches. The chief remedy for unhappy misgiving in the spiritual life is a closer fellowship with Christ, walking, resting, planning, living, *in the Lord*, making Him the sharer of our conflicts. He permits us to do this, for He is touched with the feeling of our infirmities. It was for our sakes that He who knew no sin entered the regions of temptation, that we may be helped by the knowledge of His sympathy, and the assurance of ultimate deliverance. We are sometimes on the sea of life like the apostles on the sea of Galilee, threatened by elements and currents which we have no power to resist ; but, as there was an Omnipotent Guardian watching them, who came down to their rescue at the moment when all hope was lost, so the same Master of the deep is watching us ; He sees us contending with the tempest of life's trials, and He gladdens the aspect of the storm by the announcement of His presence, '*Be of good cheer ; it is I, be not afraid.*' It is a fact that should give us perpetual comfort that whatever befalls us, whatever sky is over us, whatever elements of distress rage around us, of opposition, of bereavement, of peril, of



temptation, His eye is upon us, and at the moment appointed by Himself the glory of His form will spread a radiance over the deep, and His voice heard above the roaring of the storm, '*It is I,*' will bring calm and deliverance to the threatened and despairing mariner. We cannot forget here Charles Wesley's beautiful paraphrase of the Galilee incident—

While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high,  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life be past;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O receive my soul at last.

My strength is nearing its limit, and a few words must suffice to close this imperfect address. The most important result that we can desire for this Convention is the renewal of our fellowship with the Lord. The difficulties that lie just now in the path of the Christian are more formidable than I have ever known them. The enemies of the faith are not now outside the Church, but in the Church. The grossest infidelity is propagated and supported under the shadow of the most sacred and venerable traditions. The learning that used to be the revered ally of the truth is betraying the Master with

a kiss. There is an old scripture with a new application: 'What are these wounds between thine arms?—Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends.'

This Convention was never designed to erect a critical defence of the New Testament, but to further an experimental knowledge of Jesus. Our chief duty is fidelity to *Him*. It may be that God is about to permit in these last days a trial similar to that which befell the Master in the following of the first disciples. '*And they all forsook Him and fled.*' Let us make the Convention the occasion of renewed consecration; and to the question which He addresses to us this morning, '*Will ye also go away?*' let us give the answer and put our heart and soul into it, '*Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life, and we have believed and know that Thou art the Holy One of God.*'

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